THEATRE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY
1924

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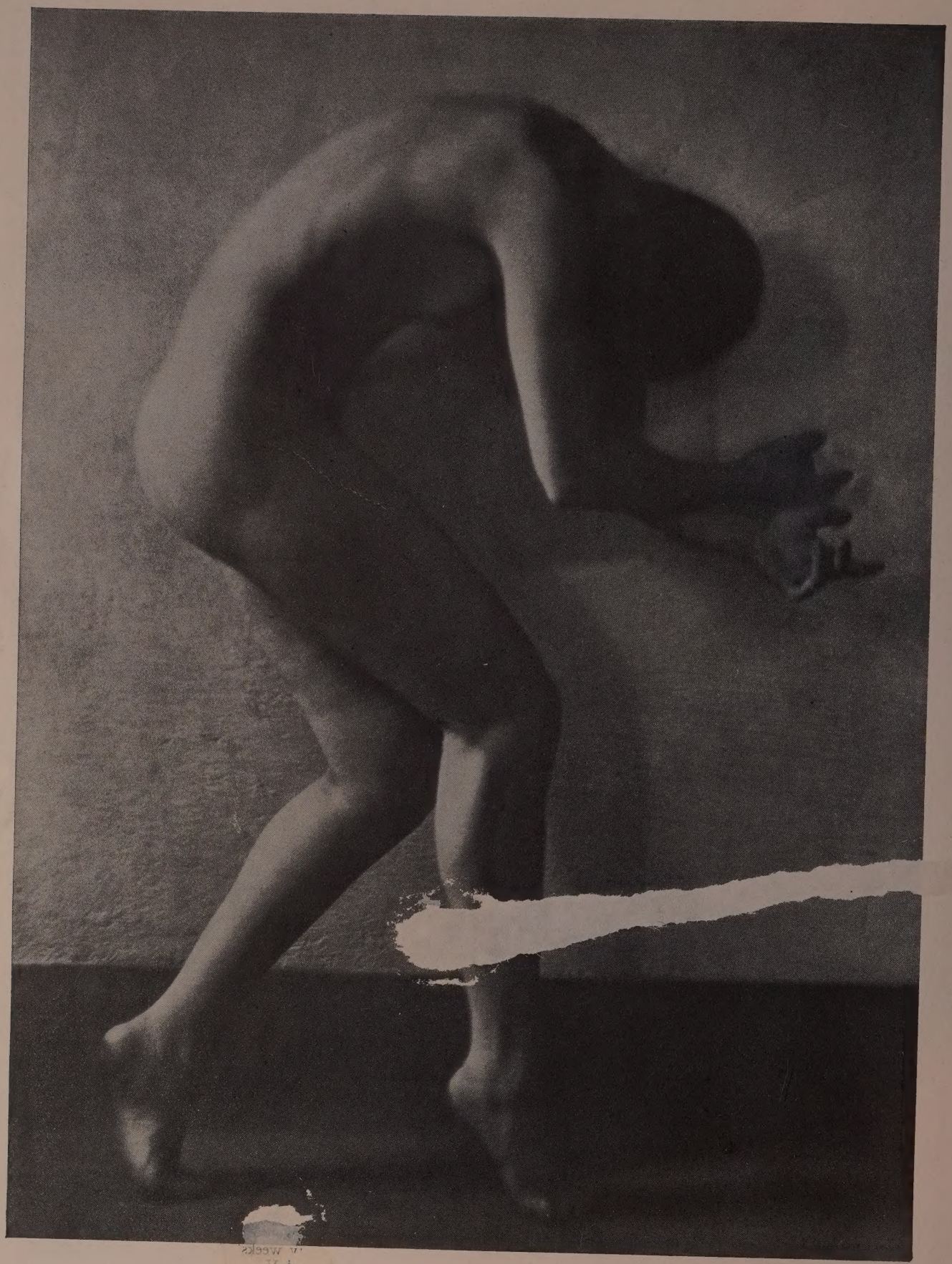
THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX. No. 275 FEBRUARY, 1924

Francis Bruguière

WINIFRED LENIHAN

whose rare spirituality illumines the rôle of the transfigured Maid of Orleans in Shaw's "Saint Joan"



ANDANTE

Visualization of Music, by Maurice Goldberg

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Olla Podrida

Cold and Draughts in New York Theatres

IT is amazing to find theatre managers—eager as they are to procure plays that will please the public—so utterly indifferent to the comfort of their patrons. Theoretically, at least, a theatre auditorium should be as warm and comfortable as the home or club one has left. But is it? America has the finest, the safest theatres in the world, but in one respect—noticeable particularly in Winter time—they have their defects. Many Broadway houses are poorly heated and the draughts are so bad that persons sensitive to colds prefer to stay away from the play rather than risk pneumonia.

Compared with what theatres used to be in grandfather's time, the modern New York playhouse is a well ventilated, luxuriously appointed drawing-room. In the old days there were plain, wooden benches to sit on, and the auditorium was heated by a single stove around which the spectators gathered to swap impressions during the intermissions. There were holes in the rotting wooden floors and rats ran all over the place, pelted with oranges by the more unruly among the audience. Today there are no rats—at least not in evidence—and the nose is not offended by foul odors, but there is a good deal of dirt for those with eyes to see, especially in the retiring rooms. The so-called "lounge rooms" are shabby and neglected looking. In one important Broadway theatre—a house built by a group of millionaires—the drinking water cooler stands, not in the small anteroom usually found immediately adjoining the men's lavatory, but actually in the lavatory itself! Conditions in the women's retiring rooms in many Broadway playhouses are just as bad, if not worse.

A few—very few—theatre managers take a pride in keeping these rooms scrupulously clean. The drinking glasses shine with cleanliness, the attendants are polite and attentiv[illegible] Such managers understand their business as caterers to t[illegible] public amusement. Other managers think the matter of [illegible] importance and naturally their employés grow indiffere[illegible] and insolent in their attitude. As the French have it: *tel maître tel valet*. The manager who is instinctively a gentleman will insist on cleanliness and politeness on the part of his employés. The manager who is not himself a person accustomed to decent surroundings cannot instruct his employés because he does not understand what's wrong.

The chief managerial offense, however, lies in the matter of proper heating and the utter neglect to guard against draughts. In too many instances, the auditoriums are not heated sufficiently before theatre time. The radiators are cold and the heat is only just coming up as the audience is arriving. The result is that everyone sits shivering, afraid to remove furs or coats and the first impression received is one of discomfort. How does the manager expect his audience to be put in an amiable, receptive state of mind toward the new play when he freezes the spectators out at the very start?

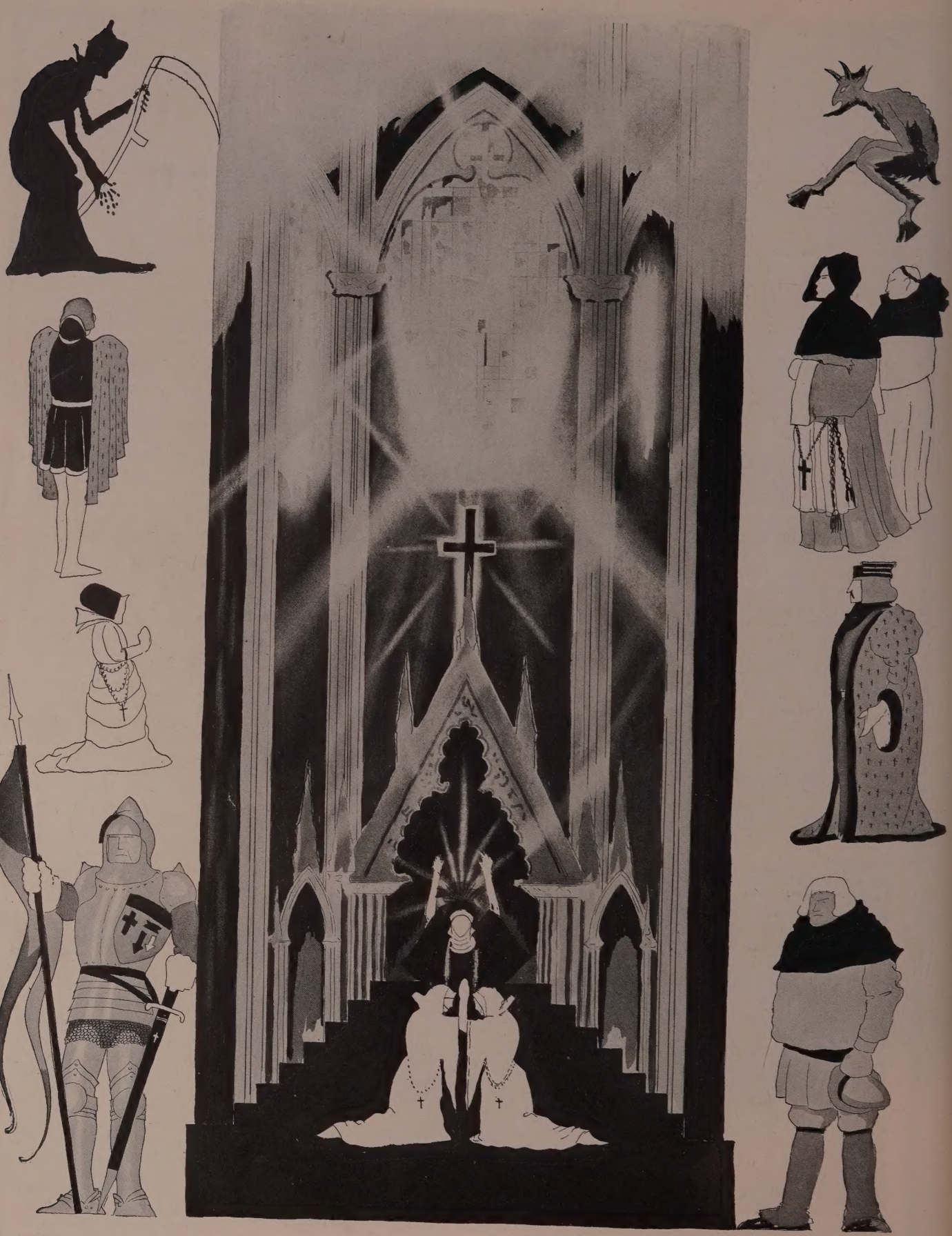
The blame, of course, belongs to the house manager. The producer himself cannot be expected to be everywhere [illegible] has his duties back stage to look after. He emp[illegible] called "house manager" to look after the f[illegible] and this person's job, as we understand it, includes looking after the comfort of theatre patrons, especially as it concerns cold radiators and unnecessary draughts. Draughts are not only uncomfortable. They are dangerous. Usually they are caused by the ticket taker keeping the front doors open. All doors should be closed on cold nights except the one door through which the audience passes and this should be protected inside by a heavy curtain. Producers and theatre owners should, in their own interests, see that their house managers are on the job.

New York May Have a Municipal Theatre

AT last New York, following somewhat belatedly the lead of old world centres, has the half promise of a municipal theatre. The city is reported ready to construct such a building. The only difficulty is the question of a site.

Are the two ideals really incompatible—the establishment of a municipal theatre, opera house and art centre and the preservation of Central Park as a breathing-space for the public? If they are, the former ideal must go, for the health of a people is more important than its art. Undoubtedly, once these encroachments on Park space—legitimate and worthy as their purpose might be—were permitted, attempts would be made to gain other concessions. If a theatre, why not swimming baths or a public library? But is New York's only playground the sole available location for such an art centre? The city is continually purchasing sites for new school houses. Why not buy some suitable site and give up the attempt to make further encroachment upon the few acres of trees and grass which still remain on Manhattan [illegible] A municipal opera [illegible]se and theatre would equal [illegible] dozen schools.

[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]rk will have a municipal theatre [illegible] opera [illegible] the old idea that drama and music are [illegible] [illegible]ts to be exploited only by private enterprise is fast disappearing. In Europe the city-owned theatre and opera house is a long established institution, which explains, of course, why public taste is far higher abroad than here. A knowledge of Shakespeare and the English classics is at least as necessary as a knowledge of manual training. A proper understanding of Shakespeare cannot be acquired by merely reading the poet's lines. Now we have to depend for our Shakespeare upon a few stars such as E. H. Sothern, Robert Mantell, Walter Hampden, John Barrymore and Jane Cowl. A municipal theatre would invite such stars to become guest artists and would in addition train its own players. So, too, it would be with opera. Now we have only the Metropolitan with prices far beyond the average person's reach, and Fortune Gallo's bri[illegible]eeks' season. A municipal opera house, free of [illegible] allow an impresario or the city itself [illegible]' season at popular prices, and [illegible] Verdi could be made the daily food [illegible]ity. Prohibitory rents at present make art a [illegible]ous undertaking in drama and opera. A municipal theatre would solve the problem.



"The Miracle," an Impressive Spectacle at the Century

Reinhardt's Gothic Contribution to the Pantomimic Drama. Sketches by Robert James Malone

The Ticket-Speculator Must Go

Gyp-Scalpers and Conniving Managers Heading the Theatre Toward Ruin

By WILLIAM A. BRADY

THE speculation in theatre tickets in the City of New York has grown to such scandalous proportions that the situation can no longer be tolerated. Something must and will be done. The playgoing public, patient too long, refuses to be gouged any longer.

Some theatre managers pretend that the present deplorable conditions are not of their making. They try to make the public believe that they are opposed to the speculator, that they are eager to see him put out of business, and that they do not themselves share in the large extra profit that this iniquitous trafficking in theatre tickets yields.

Most of the managers are honest when they deny any dealings with the theatre ticket speculator. The present writer is one of them. But other producers do not come into court with such clean hands. Some managers not only encourage the speculator in his nefarious calling, but—for a generous consideration—actually furnish him with the choice seats which are re-sold to the public at an exorbitant advance.

AGENCIES ARE NECESSARY

WHEN the theatre was licensed it became, automatically, a sort of public institution. It had to abide by the rules of the community. There were certain regulations we all had to follow. We had to have certain space between the aisles, between the seats, back of the orchestra pit, doors had to open outward, we had to have sprinklers on top of the theatre. We were obliged to observe half a dozen or more rules and the authorities were in a position to enforce obedience to them. The Circuit Court of Appeals also decreed that certain regulations should be observed as to the manner in which we distributed and sold our tickets.

And yet today there are certain producers who ignore this ruling entirely. They continue to aid and abet the speculators in their wretched pastime of gouging the public.

My own stand in this matter of ticket speculation is seldom clearly understood. I am glad to be given this opportunity in THEATRE MAGAZINE to explain just how I feel about the matter. Ticket agencies, in a certain sense, are a necessity. The system is practiced in all the large cities of the country. It has always been conceded that it is necessary to have theatre tickets on sale in hotels and shops in the downtown or uptown districts of a metropolis. Theatre goers can thus obtain seats easily and quickly, and do not mind paying a small premium in return for the convenience. The system has usually worked out very well for all concerned—except in New York City.

In all the fierce and heated battles I have had on this subject of ticket speculation, I have never advocated the suppression of the ticket agencies. I don't advocate it now. I merely advocate regulation. I argue that if we are licensed, and are compelled to serve the people in a certain clean-cut fashion, and are made to abide by rules and regulations laid down for us, then the people who deal in our products—tickets—should be subject to the same regulation. They are affiliated with us, so to speak, and should not be exempt from all restrictions.

> **"Theatre ticket speculation in New York has become such a scandal it can no longer be endured. Playgoers, tired of being gouged, are on the eve of revolt. We Americans lose a thousand dollars with a smile, but we hate to be taken for a sucker."**

It is not fair that, while most of us are doing the right thing by theatre goers (and I can say the majority are, for most of us want to be on the level), there are other producers who are deliberately profiteering secretly in this nefarious system of gouging the public. They are even accepting large bonuses from the speculators. I will touch on this later.

If you should ask me which city in the world I believe has the best system in regard to ticket selling, I would not hesitate to say London. In London it is possible for a suburban resident, ten miles from where a theatre is located, to secure a ticket in a good section of the house at a nominal premium. It so happens that in London this premium is a shilling—twenty-five cents. I defy anyone to try to buy a ticket in or around London and pay more than a shilling premium on it. There are numerous little book stores and circulating libraries sprinkled throughout London and its suburbs, and in these little shops theatre tickets can always be purchased. Most of these stores are agencies for Keith, Prowse & Co., and none of them have a higher fee than twenty-five cents.

In the course of the creation of the Ticket Committee in New York, it was proposed and agreed upon by every member of the Producing Managers' Association that a similar system should be installed here. It was agreed that all tickets intended to be sold outside of the box office should be placed in a Central Office, which would be under the control of a capable executive. This chief of office would place agencies in and around New York, not only in the heart of the city, but in outlying districts, such as New Rochelle, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Jersey City, Rockaway Beach, and other nearby places. It was readily conceded that this would work out for the good of the public. Theatre goers who lived too far from the city to find it a simple matter to patronize the box offices or the larger agencies in New York, would thus be accommodated near their homes.

It was planned not only to place them in the larger stores, but in small shops, book stores, cigar stores, and in the chain drug stores. Charts of the theatres were to be placed in all of these agencies, and the process of buying tickets would have been a simple one. Mrs. New Rochelle would drop in at one of these neighborhood agencies, and ask for two of the best seats for such and and such a night. The agent would call up the theatre, ask which two of the best seats were available, and, getting his information would, in turn, impart it to the lady.

"We have two seats in Row G—seats 1 and 2."

All right, Mrs. New Rochelle will buy those seats. The agent then takes out two blank tickets, marks them "Seats 1 and 2, Row G," for the night of March 15th., and these tickets are then marked off on the diagram in the box office.

THE LICENSED SPECULATOR

THE plan was to have the Central Office license all the agencies. Then, in case of any infraction of rules, or any abuses of any kind, excessive fees, etc., the agreement could be cancelled, and the unreliable agent's license revoked. Under that system there would have been ample protection. As matters stand now, a speculator can sell a ticket for any sum he pleases. But the rank hypocrisy of the little clique of theatre managers who are pretending to be public benefactors of the city, causes them to refuse to enter into an agreement whereby these unprincipled speculators could be licensed. For, when it came down to the final consummation of this ideal plan which I have just mentioned, the latter part of August of this year, when the whole process

(*Continued on page* 54)

The Wanton on the Stage

Throughout the Ages the Professional Courtesan has been Popular as a Dramatic Character

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AN uproar was recently caused on Broadway by the appearance in some theatres of wantons as dramatic characters. At one time no fewer than six plays, presented simultaneously, had prostitutes for principal or leading characters. In most cases these ladies of light manners and loose morals held the centre of the stage. In several playhouses they drew large audiences.

The more one railed at manager and dramatist for exploiting this sort of heroine the more their plays drew. Committees were formed to watch the cavortings of these naughty drabs and express opinions as to their good or evil influence. It was, indeed, high time to check the flood of filthy drama which had been let loose on the town. But it seems doubtful whether the committees have done much to achieve their purpose.

Cess-pool is not too foul a name by which to describe more than one theatre that has coined money in the last twelve months by obscenity. The stench of some plays we have seen suggested skunks. It was not the themes which inspired them that distressed us most, but their crude and bestial treatment by their authors.

There is nothing at all new in the use of harlots as stage characters, though, from the comments of some very guileless playgoers, one would think so.

From the birth of drama—such drama as has reached us—lost women and loose women (among them queans and queens) have had a legitimate place in plays. Aspasia, Sappho, Jezebel and Salome, to say nothing of Mary Stuart and of Marguerite of Navarre, have had parts in many great and classic dramas. Shakespeare and Shelley, Victor Hugo and Racine, have lent wantons the allurement of their genius. We have not blushed as we applauded works in which Shakespeare showed us bawds. We have been spell-bound by a hundred modern plays of which the "heroines" were "unfortunates."

We do not know much as to what the Egyptians and Chinese may have done in drama with their courtesans. But we do know that, in what is said to be the first Hindu play on record, a courtesan who in a German arrangement of the original is named Vasantasena, foreshadowed Marguerite Gauthier. The work is long-drawn out, and to most now seems dull. But, in its own way, beyond doubt it did anticipate that *Lady of the Camelias* which Bernhardt and the rest have made us love. *Quâ Wanton,* the most brash one need not shock us! What sickens and distresses sensitive nostrils is not the use of wantons as stage characters, but the nastiness of some dramatists who misuse those characters. There is nothing really edifying in the sight of Cleopatra, lolling on a voluptuous couch with Anthony. But Shakespeare uplifts his charmer with the wand of tragedy. Sappho, the "burning Sappho" dear to Byron, would hardly pass muster in our most refined circles as a "nice" lady, and yet she inspired Percy MacKaye with his best play! Mary of Magdala, a sinner whose name has been given to a whole sorrowful sisterhood, is the heroine of two dramas, both of them artistic and interesting, which we have seen in this metropolis. One, by

Our present-day actresses play at being courtesan only in make believe, but this favorite of Charles II —the famous Nell Gwynn—was a courtesan both on and off the stage

Paul Heyse, was introduced to us by Mrs. Fiske. The other, by that Maeterlinck, whom Mr. Heywood Broun, speaking *ex cathedrâ* and with the authority of his unparalleled experience, lately derided for his simplicity, was, if I mistake not, produced by Olga Nethersole. In each instance, the treatment of the theme was more than free. But, if orthodox and honest souls were pained by the two authors' points of view, they were mollified by their artistry.

I am not thinking of either *Rain* or *White Cargo* when I say that some plays devoted to wantons by Broadway authors of the hour have been vicious and lacking in even an approach to decent art. They have appealed to the most low and lecherous taste. They have reeked to Heaven. And the same city which, barely a quarter of a century ago, branded Hauptmann as a blasphemer for writing his exquisite *Hannele,* endured the libidinous outpourings of *The God of Vengeance!*

The style's the man. One can make wantons harmless or one can make them dangerous. Thousands, if not millions, have wept over the woes of the *Lady of the Camelias.* But few, if any, have been led astray by her. Even in the emasculated version of the late Augustin Daly, Camille (the French Marguerite Gauthier bowdlerized) seemed bewitching and was sure of sympathy, without tempting one to viciousness. And when *Manon Lescaut,* a great story, by a world-wise, flighty abbé, was transported to the stage by Théodore Barrière, it did not glorify the most heartless and unmoral of youthful harlots. She rubbed in a lesson.

Daudet, the elder, invented his modern *Sappho,* not as a pretext for a tale that would sell well, but as a warning to his son (who has been talked of a great deal of late in Paris). He inscribed it *"A mon fils quand il aura vingt ans."* And in the play which Sappho's love affairs inspired, though many pitied, none admired the sad protagonist.

No one who saw her will forget the amazing beauty of Réjane's interpretation of the forsaken courtesan. Our more youthful critics never can or will know what they missed—no blame to them—by not seeing Réjane in the part of Sappho. She was grace and charm and impassioned life incarnate; as wonderful in her way as Bernhardt at her most glorious in the character of Marguerite Gauthier; and more real than Duse ever seemed to me, except maybe in Dumas' *Wife of Claude.* I invoke her image now, as she prayed and cried to her sweetheart in the last act. Sappho, the sinful, had all the vices of her trade—she was *"toute la lyre,"* to quote one of her lovers. Yet on the stage she never revolted us with her lures, like the current wantons of the Broadway boards.

In *The Wife of Claude,* Dumas dramatized an abandoned woman, who lured a susceptible youth from his duty to his adoptive father. But did Dumas make his protagonist an attractive siren? Yes—to the youth whom she corrupted she seemed charming. But to the public she was as repellant as a scarecrow.

Nell Gwynn has witched many in two plays of our own time on Broadway. But those plays were comedies and no one took Nell in earnest. Besides there is a distinction between levity and lechery, between madcap mischief, saved by kindliness of heart, and sordid wickedness. The dramatists of the Restoration wrote freely in their plays, but they reflected a corrupt and profligate age, and they dished up their jades in terms of literature. What is there literary to redeem the foulness of some plays which have disgraced this city within a year or so? Nothing and less than nothing.

Victor Hugo practised his Marion de Lorme, and, in the process, rendered her innocuous to the most easily affected playgoer. Marion, of course, was not one whit more respectable than Sappho, or Ninon de l'Enclos, or a hundred more whose trade was passion. She had less heart than Marguerite Gauthier, who is said to have been suggested to the younger Dumas by a woman in whom he himself was deeply interested. But compared with the Dubarry,

(*Continued on page* 52)

LARI SARI
could such blonde roguishness hail from elsewhere than Vienna, and could it have escaped the Ziegfeld *Follies?* This bewitching screen-actress from darker *Mittel-Europa* is busy helping Ziegfeld to make Broadway brighter

LUCILA MENDEZ
vivid and exotic, this dazzling beauty from the ranch-riddled Argentine, does honor to the land of the tango as well as the spicy *Little Jessie James* to which she has dedicated her disturbing charms

Muray

(Above)
MISTINGUETT
with the subtlety of the true Parisienne, conceals beneath this lavish robe the famous pretty limbs, but were she to turn round, as she does at the Winter Garden, you would be enchanted to discover her *couturière* was not completely merciless

Goldberg

WELCOME, LOVELY STRANGERS!

Consider these three winning arguments for unrestricted immigration

Melody Pirates and the Popular Song

A Well-Known Orchestra Director Defends Tune-Pilfering as Our National Art

By VINCENT LOPEZ

NOT so long ago, the sorry wight who lifted up his voice in defense of modern music was promptly hit over the head with a bottle and eliminated from the picture of cultivated society. Were you to have encountered the maltreated and mutilated carcass of a creature once a man, ignored by the carrions, unanointed by one pitying tear, you could have recognized the last mortal remnants of the chap who once, in the exuberance of youth or alcohol, stood up and declared, "I prefer Irving Berlin to Brahms!" An epidemic of kettle-lid, cow-bell racket was sweeping over the country, noise was masquerading as music, and every ambitious owner of a toy tin whistle was organizing his own symphony.

Like every revolution, this produced its army of conservatives, and the battles waged furiously, with critical slaughter and bloodshed from Tin Pan Alley to the orange groves and real-estate offices of California, with General Paul Whiteman finally emerging near the top and all the little saxophones down on their knees before him sobbing "Daddy!" Modern music was on its feet and modern musicians were paying the last installments on their ultra-modern dress-suits.

This had not been the polite bickering of the musical initiate, the radicalism of the Groupe des Six, the expressionism of such naughty little Russians as Prokofieff, or a new energetic tone vorticism. It was a plain, free-for-all American fight, and the peace was even more American. It established a school of native folk-music, and carried this expression of the national life to Europe where theretofore American music never had been given a hearing.

Today the London night-clubs ring to *Yes, We Have No Bananas,* and on the boulevards M. Gallagher encounters M. Shean, while even the Lapps whistle *Ain't We Got Fun?* every time they bite into a reindeer.

Still the voices of the conservatives are heard, quaveringly, but insistent enough not to muffle their contention that modern music is vile music, a malformed love-child of racket and rhythm, an annoying *enfant terrible* bearing the contemptuous epithet "Jazz."

THERE ISN'T ANY JAZZ

I INSIST there is no such thing as Jazz. You may have thought you heard it. You may have heard something deserving a worse name. But the kind of dance accompaniment which wears this label and is distinguished by ear-splitting din and a total lack of melody, harmony and coherence, deserves less consideration as an element of modern music than the enthusiastic horn-tootings of a three-year child. It possesses about as much dignity, art, technique and reason, and far less feeling.

I have been identified with modern American music since its infancy. Still, whenever anyone yearns to capture a certain, pungent, little can-devouring animal, he has only to address me as a "jazz-musician." I am as serious and respectful in my attitude toward modern music as I was toward the masters to whom I devoted myself when I first began my musical education and prepared to use it in the church. The transition from a monastery to slightly non-celibate grill-rooms may have been deplorable but it has led me over enough paths to have awakened my consciousness that this so-called trash is a sincere expression of typical national life, that a *blues* is a masterly accounting of an elemental under-dog despair and disappointment; that a wise-cracking comedy song is an outlet for one phase of typical native humor; that a raggedy lilt is indicative of a certain rhythmic primitive joyfulness; that a sentimental song is a direct invocation of a natural native mood, just as any of the older races have expressed themselves in folk-song.

IN THE TWO-A-DAY

WHEN I left school, a low taste for cabarets led me to one of those Long Island sea-food resorts where Saturday night finds the entertainers the biggest fish. The singing waiters in this place awakened my interest in negro folk-song. Later, when circumstances over which none of us have had control, arrested the barter in "sea-food," I went out in vaudeville with Mr. Pat Rooney. I found that his *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* and *She's the Daughter of Rosie O'Grady* had positively become classics. The house stamped whenever I struck up the opening bars. Pat's audiences whistled and sang with him. Such numbers were certainly not in the repertoire of a single self-respecting highbrow musician who might include little Bergerettes or tavern roundelays with splendid confidence. I was interested in this patent phenomena.

At the close of the Rooney and Bent vaudeville engagement I took my little band to play dance music for a beach-resort. The astonishing number of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith's, the camel-walking sub-débutante set, the gay bugs flying around the candle of swift night-life, the conservative and slightly self-conscious sight-seers, even the delicate-souled enforcement officers displayed equal familiarity with, and pleasure over, the song hits of the season. And I thought then, that the time would surely come, as it has, when the modern American music would become the recognized folk-music of the country.

Today, my orchestra gives a selective hearing to practically every new song. The majority of them are utterly impossible, as any standardized, factory-created art-product is bound to be. But in this heavy shower of Melody Lane blossoms, there falls, occasionally, one flower of moving beauty and finished perfection. And often in these cases, the melodies are not original. They are pilfered deliberately and expertly from the classics. In almost any of the better popular song hits, the musically educated can detect snatches of this air, themes of that composition, transposed, rearranged, sometimes almost unrecognizably disfigured.

The popular song-writer takes the melody which was presented in an academic and technically perfect composition, deletes the technique and substitutes rhythm. Then he sends his *opus* to the incarnate lyric-machine who writes suitable poetry to order, preferably filled with mad gags and giddy laughs. Then the combination of tune and lyrics is dispatched to the orchestra "arranger" and the fun, as they say in the comic supplements, begins.

It is the special mission of the "director-arranger" to disguise this questionable demi-rep in the suitable trappings of a great lady. He makes orchestrations for each instrument. He accentuates the melody and intensifies the rhythm. He arranges the song-hit in some intensely individual form, distinctively characteristic of his own orchestra. If the lyric lends itself gracefully, he dramatizes the song with light effects, or tableaux, or interpolated scenes. He varies the methods he uses in each repetition of the catchy chorus. A delicate accentuation of the strings makes its appeal to the sensitive mind. The curious timbre of the brasses muffled stimulates the sensual mind. The stubborn insistence of the rhythm sways the strong spirit of syncopation which is embodied in practically every native American. And I answer the critics who have teased me because of my apparent mania for "effects" and questioned the authenticity of my music when I indulged it, that pictures can supplement a musical story as well as a literary one, and that the artistically and attractively illustrated song-number has the same advantage in the race for popularity as the artistically and attractively illustrated periodical.

ARTISTIC BANDITRY

THE pirates sailing on the musical high seas do not attack only the beautiful, graceful little craft which carries the master compositions. They board the clumsy tramp as well, and imitate its accidental and inexplicable successes with more business acumen than artistic sensibility. I cannot approve stealing bad music.

But stealing good music is a separate art and takes its place as an influence for the elevation and cultivation of the mob. When you hear the American equivalent of the European peasant whistle Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Chanson Indue* do you hear the original or the dance-orchestra syncopated

(*Continued on page* 64)

THE BOX-OFFICE ANGLE

What the Public Wants Revealed by Hans Stengel, Who Went to the Play to Review the Audience

Melisande (Jane Cowl) comes, a beautiful bride, to the gloomy castle in the forest

Her husband, Golaud (Louis Hector) surprises the lovers in a tender interview

Filled with an exalted love for Pelleas (Rollo Peters), her brother-in-law, she finds herself as ardently beloved by him

In a brutal rage, before his grandfather, the king, Golaud compels Melisande to fetch the sword with which he will kill his innocent brother

Pelleas dead, Melisande lies dying in premature child-birth, with no hatred in her heart for the frantic Golaud

THE NEW PLAY

Jane Cowl in "Pelleas and Melisande," Maeterlinck's mystic drama of love

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

The Other Rose

Comedy in three acts from the French of Edouard Bourdet, adapted by George Middleton. Produced by David Belasco at the Morosco Theatre on December 20, with the following cast:

Rose Coe, Fay Bainter; Prof. Andrew Coe, Ernest Stallard; Johnny Coe, Andrew J. Lawlor, Jr.; Mrs. Mason, Effie Shannon; Tony Mason, Henry Hull; Rose Helen Trot, Carlotta Monterey; Etty Doolittle, Maud Sinclair; Gideon, Harry MacFayden.

RED corpuscled native plays must be pretty scarce these days when we find leading American producers reduced to the necessity of going to the French only to bring back material of such tenuous texture as this naïve little comedy. The most that can be said for the new piece presented by Mr. Belasco at the Morosco is that it affords an evening of innocuous, mildly amusing entertainment, and serves as an agreeable vehicle for Fay Bainter, who plays a wholesome, clean-cut American girl with refreshing vivaciousness and charm.

Rose Coe and her father, a professor of Greek, have taken a cottage in Maine for the Summer so that Professor Coe may pursue his studies in peaceful surroundings. But no sooner are they installed in their new quarters than their peace is disturbed by Tony, the son of the owner of the cottage, who declares angrily that his mother had no right to lease the place and curtly bids them pack up and go. The professor, a man of peace, is quite willing to seek quarters elsewhere, but Rose is not so easily intimidated. She brandishes her lease in the face of the irate Tony and defies him to put them out. Tony storms and then, finding coercion useless, he pleads with her, explaining the reason for his insistence. The previous Summer he loved a married woman who lived in the cottage. She has now passed out of his life, but he loves her as passionately as ever, and the place where she lived—even the chair from which she gazed all day into the garden—is sacred to him. Surely Rose and her father will not further intrude on grief as sacred as this.

But Rose laughs at the love-sick youth and stays. Angrily he declares he will never cross their threshold again, but it's an empty threat. He comes day after day, so often indeed that soon he has forgotten the first Rose and fallen desperately in love with the professor's daughter, who finally yields to his hectic wooing. This new romance has scarcely gotten under weigh when Rose No. 1 suddenly reappears on the scene and there is a lively verbal encounter between the two women.

Fay Bainter was delightful in her comedy scenes and showed a fine poise throughout. Henry Hull played Tony in his usual breezy, impulsive fashion. Carlotta Monterey contributed an admirable comedy characterization as the first Rose, and that old favorite, Effie Shannon, gave distinction to the rôle of Tony's mother.

Pelleas and Melisande

Poetic play by Maurice Maeterlinck. Produced by the Selwyns at the Times Square Theatre on December 4, with the following cast:

The Doorkeeper, Gordon Burby; Melisande, Jane Cowl; Golaud, Louis Hector; Arkel, J. Sayre Crawley; Genevieve, Grace Hampton; Pelleas, Rollo Peters; Little Yniold, William Pearce; The Old Servant, Jessie Ralph; A Doctor, Vernon Kelso.

IT goes without saying that Pelleas and Melisande is nothing but the fable of Paola and Francesca translated into terms of the earlier Maeterlinck. Nor is it necessary at this time to weigh in the critical balances the value of the story. It has taken its place in the literary drama of its age, and the Belgian's exotic heroine will ever appeal to the actress who possesses youth, beauty and the spirit of ethereal romance.

Jane Cowl has youth and beauty which she brings to her rendering of the mystic heroine. In the main it was a sound and generally satisfying rendering. It had beauty of pose; the reading was rich and soulful, and beneath it was the sound technique of an experienced player. Yet, to me it seemed a trifle sophisticated, the assumption of superior innocence a trifle forced. It hung somewhere in the air between the ideally unreal and the personification of a frail, poetical figure groping dimly for the realization of a perfect love.

Rollo Peters is to be preferred as a producing designer than as an exponent of such a poetically mystic figure as Pelleas. As a reader he shows fine intelligence, and in the scene where he rhapsodizes over Melisande's hair was eloquently passionate. But he has an immobile face and a movement that is easy in action but lacking beauty of expression.

The setting for the piece which he designed was ingenious and appropriate. Particularly beautiful was the interior of Melisande's chamber, while the subterranean chambers of the Palace breathed an impressively grewsome spirit of awful portent.

A very fine performance, dignified, impressive and full of rough feeling was Louis Hector's *Golaud*. The gentle old king was acted with gracious sweetness by J. Sayre Crawley, and Jessie Ralph brought manner and character to the rôle of the old servant. For genuine emotional feeling the youthful William Pearce was superlatively admirable as little Yniold.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Fine pictorial revival of Rostand's famous romantic play. Splendidly acted by Walter Hampden and brilliant cast.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH—Absorbing drama of circus life, splendidly acted by Lionel Barrymore and supporting cast. One of Belasco's finished productions.

SANCHO PANZA—Highly diverting spectacular comedy in which that popular actor, Otis Skinner, is seen at his best.

THE CHANGELINGS—A brilliant cast of players in one of the most interesting and intellectual comedies which have graced Broadway in many seasons.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and associates. The safest bet in town.

WHITE CARGO—A vivid play of the primitive. Expert and powerful drama of African station life acted with special distinction.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

Drama in three acts from the Italian of Fausto Martini by David Belasco and Tom Cushing. Produced by Mr. Belasco at the Belasco Theatre on November 28, with this cast:

Tito Beppi, Lionel Barrymore; Luigi Ravelli, Ian Keith; Prof. Gambella, Henry Herbert; Federico, Guy Nichols; Signora Calvaro, Vaughan De Leath; Signor Del Papa, Thomas Reynolds; Flok, Sidney Toler; Simonetta, Irene Fenwick; Lilly Blanchette, Myra Florian; Bibi, Nick Long; Usher, Jose Yovin; Giacinta, Rose Morison; Father Saverio, Giorgio Majeroni.

A TENSE, human, absorbingly interesting second act sandwiched in between an only moderately good first act and a morbid, rather unpleasant last act—that is *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*, a new rendering of the familiar Grimaldi story in which Lionel Barrymore is appearing at the Belasco.

Possibly to disarm criticism, in view of the present outcry against stage immorality, the adapters have taken certain liberties with the text. The humble little dancer who, in the original, becomes the mistress of the handsome and wealthy Luigi, to the undoing of the poor clown, is made to marry the former respectably in the present version, and thus Broadway's morals are carefully safeguarded, for which relief many thanks.

Tito Beppi, the popular itinerant clown, can make everyone laugh but himself. Out of the sawdust ring he is the most melancholy of men, his depression arising from the knowledge that he is ugly and getting old, and yet, secretly in love with his ward, the little dancer Simonetta, who shares all his triumphs in the circus. Alarmed at his condition, he goes to consult a famous nerve specialist, and while in the doctor's waiting room another patient enters—Luigi Ravelli, a tall, aristocratic, handsome young Roman. He also is a sufferer, but from quite a different cause. Luigi has loved not too little but too much, and instead of gloom and tears, as in the clown's case, his symptoms take the form of wild outbursts of uncontrollable laughter. Wine and women, he tells the doctor, have been his undoing. What is the cure? The specialist says the same to him that he did to Tito—they are both suffering from an abnormal condition. Both need the wholesome love of a decent girl. Feeling they are companions in misfortune, the clown and Luigi strike up an acquaintance. Simonetta comes in and the

young Roman is at once attracted by her fresh, girlish beauty.

Act II shows Simonetta's dressing-room at the circus. The performance is going on off stage. The little dancer, getting ready for her act, gives no ear to her dresser who whispers significantly that Luigi is head over heels in love. She'd be a fool to miss such an opportunity. But Simonetta is not that kind of a girl. Tito comes in, overjoyed at his dear ward's success. Why does she not guess the adoration for her that lays in his heart? There's to be a party after the show—they'll just slip away, both of them, so they can be with each other. Simonetta gladly acquiesces. While her feeling for the good-natured clown is only filial, she is only too glad to humor him for his kindness to her. A jewel case containing priceless pearls arrives from Luigi. At first she is angry, thinking it an insult, and Tito, warned by his friend Flok, is about to proceed to violence. But when he learns that Luigi's intentions are honorable, that he really loves Simonetta and would marry her, he consents that the dancer alone shall choose between them. When the test it made—unknown to Simonetta—and the young girl throws herself into the younger man's arms, the heart-broken clown stoically accepts the verdict and retires silently from the room and from her life.

In the last act, the clown, utterly crushed, is sitting alone in his attic. A fearful storm is raging outside. Simonetta comes in. She never dreamed he cared for her in that way. Of course, she will never desert him, and she goes away to give up Luigi. But Tito realizes the girl is only sacrificing herself. He cannot accept that. So, in a frenzy of mental exaltation harmonizing well with the crashing thunder outside, he prepares for his death. He arranges all round the room a number of mirrors, makes up his face as the clown for the last time, and then, a grimace on his face, he kills himself with a dagger while street children climbing up at the window enjoy his antics and cry: "Laugh, clown, laugh."

Lionel Barrymore's performance as Tito was uneven. In the first act he failed utterly to make the clown the tragic figure of the play. The scenes in the doctor's office were played too much in the spirit of comedy, the mask of melancholy being too evidently assumed for the occasion. In the later scenes the actor warmed up to a full realization of the character. He was superb at the end of act two, when the clown is crushed by the realization of a hopeless love. His facial expression and gesture of silent agony at the moment he discovers it is Luigi his dear Simonetta loves was a beautiful bit of acting. In the final tableau, which is wholly artificial, he was less effective.

Irene Fenwick is miscast as the seventeen-year-old dancer. It is not only the rather important matter of years, but if the part makes any demand at all on the actress it is a certain girlish buoyancy and unsophisticatism which, in the present instance, is entirely lacking. Miss Fenwick is entirely too elegant and self poised to be able to impart the slightest verisimilitude to her impersonation.

Ian Keith was admirable as Luigi. Sidney Toler did well as Flok, and Henry Herbert was an impressive professor.

The Failures

Play in thirteen scenes by H. R. Lenormand. Translated from the French *Les Ratés,* by Winifred Katzin. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on November 19, with the following cast:

Montredon, Dudley Digges; He, Jacob Ben Ami; She, Winifred Lenihan; Second Phantom, Sterling Halloway; The Musician, Erskine Sanford; Larnaudy, Henry Crosby; A Dresser, Helen Westley; The Ingénue, Helen Tilden; The Duenna, Alice Belmore Cliffe; An Actor, Ernest A. Daniels; Saint-Gallet, Henry Travers; The Magistrate, Morris Carnovsky; Magistrate's Daughter, Hildegarde Halliday; The Private, Ernest A. Daniels; The Corporal, Jo Mielziner; The Librarian, Philip Loeb; His Wife, Ida Zeitlin; The Rake, Herbert Ashton.

IN *The Failures,* a carefully done translation of H. R. Lenormand's much discussed play *Les Ratés,* the Theatre Guild selected another play of real worth and vitality. It may be depressing, too replete with philosophical diatribes, too sordid to find a place in the heart of the theatregoer who chooses a play for its popular appeal. But for the discriminating, it is a production which impresses with its clearcut realities, its great tragic theme.

What if one does reach the conclusion that life is not worth while? Facts are facts. Life is not all romance, beauty, success and happy endings. Even young lovers, blessed of the gods, do not always "live happy ever after." Some of them never achieve lasting happiness at all. And so it is with the chief failures of Lenormand's tragedy, the poverty stricken young husband and wife of this play, who find the great adventure of living bitter as gall. Theirs is the way of futility—futile striving, loving, working—everything that comes their way is destined to fail. Unsuccessful in their art, their romance, their efforts for success in their chosen calling—they are constantly plunged in a dark whirlpool of despair. They probe each other's souls, and what they find there is—more tragedy.

Ben Ami as the young playwright of high ideals, who lacks the commercial instinct to push him along to fame, puts pathos and understanding into the shabby, pitiful artiste he portrays. I am not among those who worship blindly at this actor's shrine. That Ben Ami has talent above the ordinary is indisputable. That he is a great actor, as affirmed by certain over-zealous admirers, is not yet apparent. His technique is faulty. His temperamental mannerisms lead him into extravagances of speech and gesture, and he is greatly handicapped by a foreign and somewhat gutteral accent. In this play, however, he appears to good advantage. He is at his best in the cathedral, where he explains to his wife the reason he besmirched himself with a street-walker. His restraint in this scene is admirable, for it brings out more effectively the keen analysis of human motives—the psychology of a tortured mind, which makes it imperative that the husband, whose wife has sinned, sin also so that he may not experience the "holier than thou" attitude, so he may reach her poor level, and, in reaching it, suffer less.

Winifred Lenihan was excellent as the wife, especially in the moments of hysteria.

Dudley Digges, as the disillusioned French producer, makes the most, as always, of his rôle.

Ernest A. Daniels scored a hit as the bombastic actor-gourmand, a failure, too, but tortured less by his shortcomings because of his abundant and sustaining supply of egotism. Helen Westley, in an insignificant rôle of a theatrical dresser, imbues her lines with the hard, sinister quality of which she is so capable a mistress.

Sancho Panza

Comedy by Melchior Lengyel, based on certain episodes in *Don Quixote,* presented by Russell Janney at the Hudson Theatre on November 26, with the following cast:

Sancho Panza, Otis Skinner; Don Quixote, Robert Robson; Dapple, Robert Rosaire; A Scrivener, Charles Halton; Chamberlain, Frederick Tiden; Duke of Barataria, Russ Whytal; Father Hyacinth, H. H. McCollum; Donna Rodriguez, Marion Barney; Arvino, Stewart Baird; Hernando, Richard Cramer; Mayor of Barataria, Harry Lewellyn; Gralva, Anthony Andre; The Young Duchess, Marguerite Forrest; Gregory, Herbert Delmore.

AN entertainment rich in beautiful color and magniloquent in picturesque and romantic movement is the *Sancho Panza* which provides Otis Skinner with a stellar medium of first-rate quality. It is an adaptation of a script written years ago by Melchior Lengyel. It is only of recent years that there has been an active demand for the dramatic output of the Central-Europe playwrights. This has caused many a trunk to be ransacked. The English version was prepared by Sidney Howard, who, I believe, no longer wishes his name identified with the adaptation, because, it is said, the producer took liberties with his text.

The Austrian writer takes Don Quixote's faithful Squire as his protagonist, and makes him the central figure in a series of episodes more or less based on some of the happenings in Cervantes' immortal novel. An occasional critic has endeavored to write into it a satirical commentary on the selfish, feeble and futile efforts of hereditary rulers with high lights on the purity, security and advantages that come with a sanely managed democracy. To me it rather appears to be a well-written comic opera libretto with the music left out. A pleasing, but arbitrary presentation of the acknowledged truth that sound common sense based on justice and kindness is superior to the operations of a dishonest bureaucracy bound down by red tape.

The genial swineherd, shrewd in wordly philosophy, and tinctured with a fine sense of kindly interest in the underdog is translated into high office and made the ruler of Barataria. How he aids the Duke's daughter to marry the man of her choice; how he foils a remarkable quartet of conspirators, and how with his nearest and dearest friend, the donkey Dapple, having undergone experiences and exploits of drama and humor, he returns with his four-footed ally to the farm, convinced that rural content looms high above the pomp of coronet, is portrayed in numerous picturesque scenes. This unctuous, jovial, kindly soul is portrayed with swaggering, comic farce by the star. It is a huge cast, mainly competent, from which loom out in effective relief Charles Halton and Robert Rosaire. The latter, as Dapple, gives a performance that ranges up to the heights of true art.

The production and costumes designed by Emilie Hapgood and James Reynolds are superb in their colorful beauty, while Boleslawsky's stage management is rarely intelligent and illuminative.

Meet the Wife

A comedy in three acts by Lynn Starling, presented by Stewart and French at the Klaw Theatre on November 26, with the following cast:

Gertrude Lennox, Mary Boland; Harvey Lennox, Charles Dalton; Doris Bellamy, Eleanor Griffith;

Leonard St. Aubyns (*Austin Fairman*), who fired Polly with the ambition to be "a lady"

The traveler (*Leonard Willey*) listens sympathetically while Polly (*Mary Nash*), now a grey-haired bar keep, tells him the story of her life

Tom (*Victor Morley*), a race tout and bounder who, nevertheless, has a heart of gold

St. Aubyns *père* (*Ethelbert Hales*) comes to the French cabaret to tell Polly that his son, her husband, is dead, and that he must have possession of her child

Mrs. Cairns (*Cecilia Radcliffe*) offers to adopt Polly's little son, and the broken-hearted dancer agrees in order to frustrate the grandfather

Twenty years pass. A drunken soldier creates a disturbance in the café, and his companion, an unknown young man, pulls a pistol and shoots him. Only by a medallion around his neck Polly recognizes in the stranger her own son

Photos White, N. Y.

THE NEW PLAY

"The Lady" at the Empire, an Unblushing Melodrama of the Old School

Tilla Durieux, Germany's most distinguished actress, whose matinée performances in German of "The Shadow" have met with enthusiastic metropolitan success. This brilliant woman, who has been hailed as the living Bernhardt, is preparing to appear in a play in English

Victor Staunton, Clifton Webb; Gregory Brown, Humphrey Bogart; Philip Lord, Ernest Lawford; Alice, Patricia Calvert; William, Charles Bloomer.

DESPITE the vulgarity of its title, this comedy deserves unqualified approval as an original, witty, expert farce, played with refreshing gusto and humor by a wholly capable and appealing cast.

Mary Boland has created a comedy character in Gertrude Lennox, the lovable fool, which deserves immortality. She is far funnier than the bromidic Dulcy, of whom she might have been mother. The lively action is centered in the Lennox household on which has descended Gertrude's daughter fresh from seminary, thanks to an unfortunate interest in a young reporter; and on which is about to descend the lion novelist who is to be the guest of the literary society of which Gertrude is president. The situations which develop are worth going to enjoy.

With Charles Dalton, Ernest Lawford and Clifton Webb, Miss Boland possesses expert foils for her foolishness. Her performance achieves a height approaching perfection, and her vehicle is one of the cleverest, brightest, most subtly profound farces which has reached Broadway in seasons.

The Lady

Drama in four acts by Martin Brown. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Empire Theatre on December 10, with the following cast:

Lizette, Stephane de Leger; Julie, Adelaide Wilson; Polly Pearl, Mary Nash; The Traveler, Leonard Willey; Blackie, Herbert Heywood; A Young Man, Brandon Peters; Fanny Le Clare, Elizabeth Risdon; Miss LeValle, Grace Durkin; Leonard St. Aubyns, Austin Fairman; Tom Robinson, Victor Morley; Mr. St. Aubyns, Ethelbert Hales; Lady "Dido" Huntington, Irby Marshal; Madame Blanche, Ludmilla Toretzka; Josef, Edward La Roche; Mrs. Cairns, Cecelia Radcliffe.

OLD time melodrama this play of "life and love." All the hackneyed material is here, but it is less lurid, a good deal more human, than the variety when Cora the Beautiful Cloak Model held the boards.

This four act heart-throb traces the career of Polly Pearl, a popular music hall dancer who, marrying above her station, always tries to be "the lady." The various episodes cover her romance, her marriage, her desertion, the birth of her child, her penniless wanderings, and her entry into a French underworld resort. The prologue shows "the lady" as a gray-haired bartender, and the first act is a transition, setting the action back twenty-one years. This has a tendency to destroy interest in the ultimate end of the girl. No use following her perilous journey through life with bated breath. She winds up a barkeep. That is revealed at the start.

Mary Nash is a sympathetic and appealing figure throughout. In the scene where she is forced to part with her baby she does a bit of emotional acting that started all the tear ducts in the house. Though somewhat stilted and muscle bound in the dance number—after all your leading leady isn't a professional terpsichorean artiste—she sang *Give Her a Violet,* a music hall ballad, with a great deal of verve and snap.

Elizabeth Risdon, in her quaint old style gowns, looks like a picture off an old calendar, and scored a decided hit as the show-girl of unmoral sensibilities.

Ludmilla Toretzka is admirable as the "Madame" of a French resort, and Edward La Roche, a waiter in her employ, contributes some spirited comedy.

The scenes are particularly well arranged, especially the first scene in the third act, which shows the café of the Maison Blanche at Marseilles, a French bawdy house, noisy and colorful, yet not unbearably blatant.

In the Next Room

Mystery play in three acts by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. Produced by Winthrop Ames and Guthrie McClintic at the Vanderbilt Theatre on December 10, with this cast:

Philip Vantine, Wright Kramer; Lorna Webster, Mary Kennedy; James Godfrey, Arthur Albertson; Rogers, Morris W. Ankrum; Parks, George Riddell; Felix Armand, Dean Gulick; Inspector Grady, Leighton Stark; Simmonds, Edward Butler; Tim Morel, William J. Kline; Madame De Charriere, Merle Maddern; Julia, her maid, Olive Valerie; Colonel Piggot, Claude King.

AN excellent way to solve the mystery of the so-called "mystery" play is to commence your deductions in this fashion: Fasten your attention on the character who acts the guiltiest after the murder is discovered. (All self-respecting mystery plays have a murder or two at the start.) Eliminate this character as the criminal. Then proceed to find the person most active in tracking down the mysterious murderer—usually a high police official—and you have the mystery cracked open like a nut with the meat exposed.

Most "mystery" plays are cut after the same pattern, poured from the same mould. Creators of them seem to be always at a loss for the original twist. So it is with *In the Next Room,* which is strongly reminiscent of *The Bat* and *The Charlatan.* There's the same cabinet, with the poison mechanism, as introduced in *The Charlatan.* And, as in *The Bat,* the official unraveling the mystery is the elusive murderer.

The play opens with two murders, and thereafter there is the same process of questioning servants, all of whom act guilty; the *"cherchez la femme"* episode; stupid bungling of police officials; a darkened room; weird eyes peering through a window. All the mystery play machinery in order. All that remains is to push the buttons, so to speak.

Yet, notwithstanding all these ancient trappings, there is a certain appeal in this newest mystery play. Murders and their unravelings are always interesting. This may account for it.

The Potters

A comedy in three acts by J. P. McEvoy. Presented by Richard Herndon at the Plymouth Theatre on December 8, with the following cast:

Ma Potter, Catharine Calhoun Doucet; Bill Potter, Raymond Guion; Mamie Potter, Mary Carroll; Pa Potter, Donald Meek; Red Miller, Douglas Hunter; Gladys Rankin, Mary Stills; Friend, Tom Burton; Mr. Rankin, Edwin Walter; Mr. Eagle, Dean Raymond; Conductor, R. Henry Handon.

THIS comedy of American lower-middle-class family-life was based on a series of newspaper stories of the same name. The humor and manners are of the newspaper syndicate school, highly diverting to the unsophisticated, commonplace, and sufficiently broad in their appeal to interest the majority. The more discriminating minority will probably find the piece dull and tedious, its characters uninteresting, and its wise-cracking persiflage unamusing. Nevertheless, the loyal majority is so enthusiastic in its attentions to the boxoffice, the play gives promise of a long run.

The Potter family lives in a nest of bungalow aprons, convertible day-beds, giant loud-speakers, mortgages and such trappings of middle-class poverty-pinched respectability. Sister Mamie has a steady beau, one Red, enjoying the heroic but unremunerative summer occupation of life-guard. Their romance is the minor love-interest in the play. The chief story is concerned with Pa Potter's struggle for wealth and the material things, the lack of which Ma Potter constantly bemoans.

A bunko-fortune-teller reveals money and intrigue to the credulous Mamie Potter. She dismisses her beau and her best friend, and Pa Potter invests the mortgage money in oil stock; a scene which is a masterpiece of pathos and artfulness. But both the young romance and the oil stock prove gilt-edged in the end, after the Potters' family fortunes have carried us in Pullman cars, tram-cars and antique automobiles around their limited little world.

The acting of Donald Meek as Pa Potter is especially moving and sincere. And the strange development of the comedy in a series of short scenes, is novel and diverting. Nevertheless, *The Potters* is a family hardly to be courted as amusing acquaintances.

The Business Widow

Comedy in three acts by Gladys Unger. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Ritz Theatre on December 10, with the following cast:

Pennington, Albert Morrison; Billy Windsor, James Dyrenforth; Rex Ramsdell, Elwood Bostwick; Natalie Frisson, Gaby Fleury; John, Palmer Young; Paul Bucklaw, Mr. Ditrichstein; Helen Lesley, Adrienne Morrison; Ruby Bucklaw, Lola Fisher; Standish, Robert Lowing; Muey Fah, Alice Huang; Phidias Caravopulo, John Davidson.

HANGING crêpe on the business widow, particularly when impersonated by attractive Lola Fisher, isn't an enviable pastime. But it must be done.

It is little short of a crime to submerge two such charming personalities as Mr. Ditrichstein and Lola Fisher in mediocre rôles in a flimsy play. Perhaps the author thought she was fashioning a delectable rôle for an actor who is a master of suavity. It is difficult to be suave when you're nothing but a cast-off elderly husband, tossed aside like an old glove by a giddy young wife. Particularly when the lines accompanying this drab rôle are flat and witless. To think of dishing out this sorry salad to the Great Lover!

Possibly such wives as the business widow do exist in real life. If so, the marvel is that there are so few wife-murders recorded. This maddening helpmate uses her husband's office force as errand boys; has her baubles and clothes delivered at his place of business each day; tries on, in his office, chinchilla and ermine coats she has purchased, interrupting an important conference to do it, and tops this imbecile performance by forcing him to do jazz steps with her in the presence of his business associates while the "big deal" hangs fire. It is impossible to believe that in this enlightened age any husband would have refrained from

(*Continued on page* 58)

Eva Le Gallienne—A Cerebral Actress

An Unusual Stage Personality Revealed in an Intimate Interview

By ADA PATTERSON

THE sign of the jutting brow! Her full brow, that hangs craglike above the clear, gray lakes of her calm eyes, is the outstanding feature of Eva Le Gallienne's face. It is curiously high, remarkably broad, extraordinarily full. It is crammed with brains, which she uses.

She believes that cerebration can solve any problem. She believes in the cerebral actor. "A performance in which I realize that the mind is always at work is the one that most moves me," she said to me. "Mrs. Fiske is the greatest actress in America. That is because her mind functions continuously."

In the little study with its one window and its walls of books in her lower Fifth Avenue apartment, she sat, as cerebral folk often do, with a fine disregard for externals. No floating, rose-colored négligée. No divan. No cigarette. Instead, a straight-backed chair before a large, flat-topped desk and she sitting squarely as a soldier in her gray brocade dressing-gown. Her hair fell in short, not abundant strands, upon her shoulders. The uniform and attitude of a mental woman in her nerve-relaxing hours at home. She lifted the pale oval of her face. The chin was pointed as the ears of a faun. Her smile was girlish but quickly passed with her apology. "I am playing a matinée today and am resting as long as I can."

The room is filled with books in five languages. The formal little drawing-room beyond is a highway, a thoroughfare between her bedchamber and her room of books. Her study is her true home. She laid aside the pen with which she was writing a letter to her mother in London and a wide sheet of business-like paper. Her hand, a strangely pale one, more nearly transparent than any hand I have seen, with fingers tapering to marked points, touched a book beside her. A black book, shabby at the corners, faded on its upper cover. A Bible.

BIBLE HELPS HER TO ACT

"I READ it every day," said the girl with the jutting brow. "I don't accept it as a divine guide. And yet I am deeply religious. I regard this book," the pointed fingers touched its faded back, "as a helpful book of philosophy. I read it a great deal. It helps me to live—and what helps one to live helps her to act. One cannot rise higher than her mind, or soul, in a performance. Occasionally one sees the other sort, the muscular performance. But it seems only an odd phenomenon. I know there are unintellectual actors, but their performances never interest me. They are like the tricks of animals. They amuse one for a short while but do not hold."

After the Bible, this dweller in the room of books makes daily choice of Shakespeare. Not the expected *Romeo and Juliet* is her favorite play, but *Hamlet*. And after

© Mielziner

EVA LE GALLIENNE
After a drawing by Mielziner

Will Shakespeare comes Schopenhauer.

"But his chapter on women," I reminded. "He despised us for our short legs and our undependable characters."

"Yes. What he wrote of women is stupid. He would not write it now. His opinions would be impossible. But his other philosophy—and we need a great deal of philosophy to govern our life—is invaluable. For instance he tells us not to expect anything from others. Then if we receive nothing we are not disappointed. If we receive, it is a delightful surprise. I am happier for expecting nothing from other human beings. Events drive us in upon ourselves again and again, and we grow stronger for the experience. The human lean-tos are not only miserable. They are ineffective.

"People think me cold and conceited," said the girl with the nearly overbalancing brow. "The truth is my emotions are strong, and I wish they knew how humble I am. It is my shyness, and my self-consciousness, that cause me to seem cold.

"Acting seems to me like driving a horse. The horse is the emotional nature. One must always keep her hands on the reins. Sometimes we keep a tight hold upon the reins. Sometimes we slacken them. In ten years, or twenty, I may drive with slacker rein. I may permit my emotions fuller sway while on the stage. But as a beginner, one who has all to learn about the theatre, I hold my reins in a tight hand. Better control, for a time, even though some may call it coldness."

Once, Sarah Bernhardt was her idol. It was while she was a student in Paris. She had gone often to see the great French woman act, from whatever seat her thin purse afforded. She heard of Bernhardt's Memoirs and desired to possess them. Her inquiries at the book shops caused her small face to pale, her thin lips to fix themselves in a firm line. She was disappointed. But her determination to possess the Memoirs was no less. She borrowed the book from an old man in the neighborhood, asking him whether she might keep it until she had copied it by hand. She kept it eight weeks. She showed the old man the two volumes, painstakingly hand written.

"Pauvrette!" he exclaimed, "you must have it bound. I will pay for it." The two volumes, in black leather, occupy a corner of the shelf near the window of her study.

Her upward way has been stubbornly fought. Her mother said that she might go upon the stage when she was twenty. But the war forced her upon it. Out of the Tree Dramatic Classes when she was sixteen, Lyall Sweete, her instructor, recommended her for a cockney part in *The Laughter of Fools*. She came to this country expecting to play the same part for David Belasco, but he abandoned the play at its early rehearsals, before he had seen it, or the pale-faced, broadbrowed daughter of the British-French poet.

Came one rung after another in the ladder of disappointment. She played a negress in the production of *Mrs. Boltay's Daughters* by Harrison Grey Fiske, with Rita Jolivet as the star. It ran for ten days. Then a bit in Austin Strong's *Bunny* with Hilda Spong, who plays her queen mother in *The Swan*. Two weeks of *Bunny*. Then *The Melody of Youth* with a four months run and a sharp, sudden close. Next a rôle in *Mr. Lazarus* with Henry Dixey. Three months in Chicago and four weeks in New York. Out again. Then the most disciplinary of her experiences. She went out with *Mile a Minute Kendal* and was "fired." No saving euphemism may be employed in the statement.

SCEPTICAL OF NEWSPAPER PRAISE

"IT was the best thing that ever happened to me. The newspapers made a mistake. They always do when they praise a beginner. I believed them and used to say to myself, 'I am a good actress.' When the stage manager called me into his office and 'fired' me, for the first time I doubted the newspapers."

The Good Samaritan of Eva Le Gallienne's career, she says, is Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore saw her playing a ten line part in *Lord and Lady Algy*. She had seen her in *Mr. Lazarus*. She said "I am sorry to see you playing this foolish rôle. Come with me and I will give you a

(*Continued on page* 58)

THE MADONNA OF "THE MIRACLE"

Lady Diana Manners as the Virgin. A Study After Botticelli, By Maurice Goldberg

Staging a Spectacular Revue

Light and its Increasing Importance as a Factor in Modern Stage-Craft

By HASSARD SHORT
Director of *The Music Box Revue*

ARTISTIC lighting is to a modern revue what delicious perfume is to a beautiful woman. Continuing the analogy, we might liken other parts of a revue, the comedy, the book, the lyrics, the music, the scenery, the costumes, to the charming attributes of a beautiful woman. These all are very concrete items. Lighting, I suppose, does seem rather an abstract feature of the Broadway spectacle—sort of a perfume of the revue—an intangible element, delicious if right, harsh if wrong.

I might be called radical if I declared that a production life could be snuffed out from the switchboard or light bridge. But I can't overemphasize my opinion that lighting is an all-important consideration in the making of a modern revue.

If I may hazard a prediction, I will say that the importance of lighting will increase in exact proportion to the growing inclination on the part of the public to be soothed or startled, lulled or aroused by the shafts or masses of color shot across the stage from that hitherto grossly-neglected death-house, the switch-box.

Although I've had scores of letters, some interrogating, a few condemning, and the usual number complimenting our work in the lighting of the *Music Box Revue,* I can't accurately judge just what impression results have made on the watchers. But I do know that the lighting effects of the current *Music Box Revue* are pretentious, and have been as carefully worked out as any yet attempted.

AN INTERESTING ACCIDENT

To me, lighting is a beloved toy which occasionally finds in itself hidden springs to give it impetus to jump from my hands and bump me on the chin.

Such an incident resulted in the lighting of the "Strut Number," our first act finale. I was watching a revue in Paris one night when a mishap occurred in the lighting of that production. A spotlight was played on a performer and immediately her costume became black and white. That it was a mistake became apparent almost immediately, when after some fumbling, the white lights went up and colors of the costume were seen to be pink and green. I had gained a flash of the color tone which produced the black and white effect.

I thought at first that the accidental effect had been attained by the use of one color, but after weeks of work, I became convinced that when the Paris production's lights went wrong, there must have been a combination of slides jammed in the eye of the apparatus, and after many experiments I achieved the special blend of lighting. This is the combination used in the "Strut Number" which produces a scene of black and white and allows for a lighting transformation later in the number to pink, green, yellow, blue, brown, and orange.

© *Kesslere*

HASSARD SHORT

One of our foremost artistes in the creation of the breath-taking effects which lend distinction to the perennial girl-and-music shows

Another of the *Music Box* numbers, the "Fisherman's Dream," was evolved only after the most arduous experimenting. This is one of the most ambitious scenic and lighting spectacles in the show. We unearthed a new scenic art in working this number. You will be surprised to know that this art is the use of cloth, glue and ground-glass, and I am sure that it is seen for the first time in history in our current production.

The locale of the "Fisherman's Dream" is under the sea. The lighting problem here was a difficult one. It became apparent at once that we could never hope to get the desired illusions by lighting this number from the front. All the lighting then was set from the bridge and sides, back of a front gauze, including the spot on Florence O'Denishawn, whose dancing features the number.

Six gauzed curtains are used in the "Fisherman's Dream." The curtains are of barbonette, forty feet square, and have not a single seam. They are hung on travelers and atop the travelers we installed Hercules spot lights, the first time such apparatus was ever put to such use. We were completely stumped for a while by the problem of painting this gauze. The material is a mass of network and we found that the myriad little squares would not take paints.

A solution was had when we decided to fill these infinitesimal holes with ground-glass, glued in place. This was probably the most staggering vulcanizing job ever attempted, but the effect was worth the pains. We created gauze curtains which appear for all the world to be made of stained glass. The curtains are lighted from the back, and it is by means of these vulcanized curtains that we are able to create the illusion of fish swimming through water in the ocean depths.

The "Old Fashioned Waltz" number is another in the *Music Box* which has evoked considerable comment. In this we transform the scene and the people in costume without dropping a curtain, something quite new to stage lighting. A modern studio is transformed into an old fashioned drawing room in Washington Square. The color of the sets, the anatomy of the furniture, the costumes of the performers all are transformed in this wholesale metamorphosis of place, period and person.

The properties in this number are not what they seem. In the modern scene, a divan from the front appears to be a conventional piece of up-to-date property, but it has a false back which is really the front, or all that is seen from the audience, of an entirely different piece of property. In changing the scene, this property is simply turned around.

As for the lights, we take out the front lights and leave the back lights on the painted scrim. The people on the stage are thus silhouetted, and after the property is turned around, the front lights are brought up gradually, the back lights are taken off the scrim and the transformation is complete.

Perhaps the simplest appearing effect, but one which caused us the most bother, is the double chandelier. In order to turn this without allowing it to shake for many minutes when it should essentially be just a part of the revue's "still-life," we had to run a 60-foot pipe to the roof of the theatre and station a man there to turn the chandelier.

A SCENTED SCENE

Great curiosity has been produced by the effect of the scent of oranges in the "Orange Grove" scene. Is orange juice really used to give off the perfume? How is the scent made to permeate the theatre?

These questions are asked repeatedly. I can answer the first, but the answer to the second I must not divulge. Real orange juice is not used. The effect is gained by a concoction brewed or invented by my stage manager. He was once a professional chemist and I can vouch that he hasn't forgotten his former profession. After such experimenting he mixed a liquid which smells exactly like orange juice and which may be vaporized for the effect desired.

In this "Orange Grove" scene we use more than 3000 electric lights. It was

(*Continued on page* 48)

Ray Huff

Rosamond, daughter of Walker Whiteside, who lends the beauty of her grace and voice to the comic-operetta *Lollipop*, repeating the success of her performance in the *New Merry Widow*

Barbara Bennett, who challenges the strength of poppa Richard's personality, snatching a few brilliant moments in the dance-hall scene from *The Dancers* in which she appears with him

Kesslere

Blythe Daly, who plays the racy flapper in *Spring Cleaning* with an intelligence, humor and comprehensive naughtiness altogether creditable to the distinguished Arnold

White

© Strauss-Peyton

Dorothy Stone, the versatile Fred's final, sensational accomplishment, who took the town by storm with her sweet youth and nimble gaiety in *Stepping Stones*

Goldberg

Cornelia Otis Skinner, in *The Wild Westcotts*, whose fine-breeding, intelligence and charm mark her a worthy descendant of a distinguished sire

FOLLOWING FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

Daughters marching on to conquer their parents' kingdom of the stage

The Foreign Menace to Our Matinee Idols

Handsome Europeans Usurp the Shrines of Our Once Worshipped Leading Men

By B. F. WILSON

WHAT has become of the American matinée idol? Into what romantic limbo of the past has that dashing figure of theatrical history vanished? Where are all the silver-framed photographs, the programmes bearing a pulse-quickening name written by the hand of the hero of a thousand dreams? Where, oh, where, are all the heart-breaking, home-disrupting *amorosos* of yesteryear?

Not even waving his graceful hands in a final *"beau geste"* this erstwhile important figure has disappeared. No longer do hundreds of feminine hearts flutter madly as they watch the hero of a play make love to the heroine—and, with one accord, wish themselves in her boots. No longer do young maidens dream at night of their favorite actor. Stage doors, for several years past, have remained strangely quiet and empty of the former petticoated throngs who anxiously waited to catch a glimpse of the man they worshipped. He has gone as completely and quietly as the proverbial Arab, and in place of this colorful figure what has the stage to offer today?

© *Underwood* *Goldberg*

Three leading men who have caused flutters among the feminine hearts this season. (*Above*) Ulrich Haupt, who appeared as Prince Albert in *Queen Victoria*, and will continue to lend his distinguished charm to Broadway productions. (*Insert left*) Jose Alessandro, whose faint-hearted bull-fighter in *The Royal Fandango*, proved him one of the most winning comedians of the season. (*Insert right*) Memo Benassi, the inspired leading man of Eleanora Duse

SOLITARY IDOL LEFT

THE American theatre has at this writing perhaps a solitary member remaining from that gorgeous group. It is John Barrymore. Ten years ago there were at least a dozen handsome young gentlemen whose faces smiled intimately from the dressing-tables of feminine devotees.

Few people have given a thought to the passing of this phase of dramatic history. Nowadays, the movie heroes have ascended the throne of popularity, but it is not the same thing. There was a different element in the incense. Before the shrines of these matinée idols there knelt girls from every walk of life—and the belle of the Bowery who witnessed the performance from the gallery displayed no more sincere emotion than the young lady from Fifth Avenue who leaned from her box with heightened color and dilated eyes. The only difference was in the amount paid for the frame which held the idol's picture. Both of them cut the photograph out of the daily paper!

Recently, however, there have arrived from Europe good-looking, talented young male Thespians who have met with instant success, thereby proving that the feminine heart will always be the same—and that many a manager would do well to study his business from that viewpoint. Most of the members of this group had arrived unheralded, unknown and unsung. In each case their work has been singled out by the all-observing feminine eye, and almost overnight they have found themselves appearing on the front page of the press.

Among this group the three men who have been the most conspicuously successful are José Alessandro, a young Argentine who was selected by Arthur Hopkins to play opposite Ethel Barrymore in the late not-too-loudly lamented Zoe Aiken's play, *The Royal Fandango*; Memo Benassi who is, and has been for the past three years, Eleanora Duse's leading man, and who is at present touring the country with her; and Ulrich Haupt, a young German who played the rôle of the Prince Consort in *Queen Victoria*.

When the première performance of *The Royal Fandango* was played in New York very few knew of the existence of José Alessandro. Rumors had crept into town concerning the sudden discovery by Washington (where the play had opened), of an unusually handsome foreigner whose looks were strongly reinforced by his marked talent. He was Miss Barrymore's leading man, but the New York audience never had seen him. The next morning every critic announced with individual sagacious discernment that, second to the beauty of the fair Ethel, the personality and acting of her leading man had been the high mark of the evening.

Alessandro is the romantic foreign type which has always been a box-office boon for the theatre manager. His tall, well-built figure, his swarthy countenance and black hair are possessions strangely attractive to woman the world over. Not only is he handsome but he possesses a brilliant mentality, and a knowledge and philosophy of life, as well as of the theatre. He was born in Buenos Ayres where his father was a well-known banker. The family moved to Paris, and José began to study art which study he also pursued in Munich. He began his stage career in 1916, in Barcelona, and although he later appeared in practically every European capital, Spain always remained the country in which he best liked to work.

A MUCH TRAVELLED ACTOR

IN Paris he appeared at the Theatre Odéon with Vera Sergine, and in South America he toured with Raquel Meller. In 1919 he went back to Munich, playing in German the leading rôles of Schnitzler's *Anatol* and Wedekind's *Awakening of Spring*. The latter he considers one of the finest plays he has ever seen and it is his ambition to appear in it before the American public.

He has traveled all over the world, and speaks several languages. The strolling players of former days led the ideal theatrical existence, he states. Each day in a different place; each night before a new group of sympathetic onlookers. Success as an actor takes on a different meaning to one with Latin blood.

Alessandro expects to remain under the Hopkins' banner. He has received several offers for other plays, and also, as he has been a cinema actor in Italy, he has been approached by film companies here. If he does go into the movies—there is no telling what will happen, as in addition to his professional ability, he is handsomer than Rodolph Valentino!

When the Equity Players presented *Queen Victoria* in November, a new comer stirred the phlegmatic critics to

(*Continued on page* 62)

Nickolas Muray

The Tobin sisters, Vivian, the younger, and Genevieve, the elder, whose tender devotion approaches adoration. Like the Nashes and the Taliaferros, each insists the other has the greater talent. Next season they are to appear together in a play especially suited to their gentle charm and rare ability

Nettie (Fania Marinoff): "Is there any reason he shouldn't be here, I'd like to know"

Tarnish

A Drama in Three Acts by Gilbert Emery

IN this play the author of "The Hero" has shown the triumph of a young girl's courage and ideals over her sordid surroundings. A weak, unworthy father having spoiled all her girlhood illusions, her character is put to the final test by the discovery that her sweetheart has been "tarnished" by a former tawdry liaison. "They're a poor lot, the men, all of 'em, and dirty, too—" says Mrs. Healy, "but the thing is, darling, to get one that cleans easy." Heart-broken, but still valiant, the heroine forgives. "Tarnish," while not touching the heights of "The Hero," is, nevertheless, a stirring drama of life. Reprinted by courtesy of John Cromwell, Inc. Copyright, 1923, Gilbert Emery

THE CAST

(As presented by John Cromwell at the Belmont Theatre.)

Josephine Lee Tevis	Mrs. Russ Whytal
Mrs. Healy	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Apolline Stutts	Marion Lord
Letitia Tevis	Ann Harding
Emmet Carr	Tom Powers
Adolph Tevis	Albert Gran
Nettie Dark	Fania Marinoff
Aggie	Mildred MacLeod

ACT I. Sitting-room of the Tevis flat at 189th Street, New York, New Year's Eve. Noon. Mrs. Tevis is hospitably sharing her afternoon tea with Mrs. Stutts, "the bootlegger's bride," who lives in the flat above, not that Mrs. Tevis has anything in common with anyone so the reverse of genteel, but even Mrs. Stutts' society, vulgar as she is, will serve to distract her thoughts, which are none too pleasant just now. At last, to her relief she hears the outer door open, and Tishy comes in, followed by Emmet Carr. She gives her mother a New Year's nosegay of narcissi, but Mrs. Tevis is really concerned as to her husband's whereabouts, and greets the visitor very coolly. Mrs. Stutts takes her departure shortly afterwards. . . .

TISHY: What an ass that woman is! She *oozes* musk! (*She opens a window for an instant.*) Mother! How *can* you stand that loathsome person—how *can* you?

MRS. TEVIS: Darling Tishy—I am perfectly aware of the fact that she is a vulgar, common creature, but I suppose one must submit to anything and—(*with a glance at Carr*)—anybody in a Hundred and Eighty-Ninth Street.

TISHY (*keeping her good humor*): Poor Mumsey! We've had a present. Two rich wreaths. Where are they? Get 'em!

CARR (*going to the hall to fetch the wreaths*): They wait without.

MRS. TEVIS: Oh, I wish your father would come! Send that young man away!

TISHY: After all, Mother, you might remember that he is my friend—and our guest.

MRS. TEVIS (*long-sufferingly*): Oh, what I have to endure!

Carr returns with the wreaths, and Mrs. Tevis receives them with elegant sarcasm, before retiring to her room. "Good-night, Mr. Carr. Tishy, as soon as your father comes, tell me." Tishy and Carr hang the wreaths on the doors. Carr declares his love, and tells Tishy how wonderfully it has "changed things" for him.

CARR: Once a man realizes the thing that's best inside him, he isn't going back to the worst of himself again. Not—not unless his heart breaks—— Tishy, I can't tell you what you are for me—— But I knew that first day! I've always known there was you in the world —— Something was always wrong at home. I've dogged it through the Law School. And dogged it into Layton & Gray's. And all the time I'd do things that didn't seem so—so bad at the time. But afterwards I'd—be ashamed. Things——

TISHY (*sadly*): I know. Things. Yes, I know all about that.

CARR: You understand? Things. O God, I don't know! Every man has them, I suppose.

TISHY: Yes, it's—it's a kind of—I don't know—tarnish, isn't it?

Carr goes on to tell Tishy how possibly in the course of time a certain young man, if he was good, might be invited to become a member of the firm of Layton & Gray.

TISHY: Splendid! It *is* a New Year!

CARR: Isn't Layton a star? I tell you, I'm strong for that man. I'd do anything for him—wouldn't you? (*Tishy is silent.*) Why, Tishy, aren't you—don't you——?

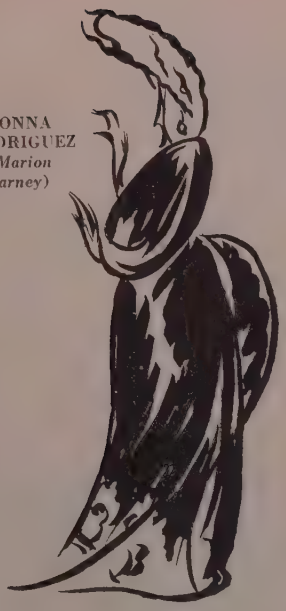
TISHY (*quoting*): "Good-luck have thou with thine honour; ride on because of the word of truth, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things."

CARR: By George! Isn't that corking? "Good-luck—with thine honour!" Great! Bible?

TISHY (*nodding*): It's the perfect wish, isn't it?—for a man's career.

Tishy tells Carr she has "chucked" her job at Layton's. (Her employer's attentions had become too marked.) Except for her earnings, her parents are dependent upon a half-yearly check of five hundred dollars, a legacy from an aunt. She tells Carr an engagement between them would be absurd, but he refuses to take no for an answer. "I feel like the day I went to war. Tishy, all my life I'm going to love you and fight for you." Mrs. Trevis comes in, and says she must see Tishy alone. Carr takes the

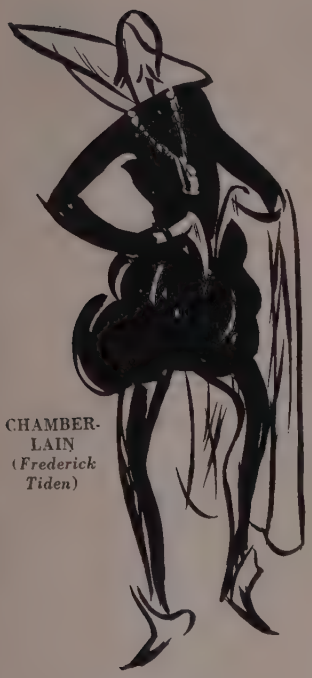
SANCHO PANZA
(*Otis Skinner*) *as Ruler of Barataria*



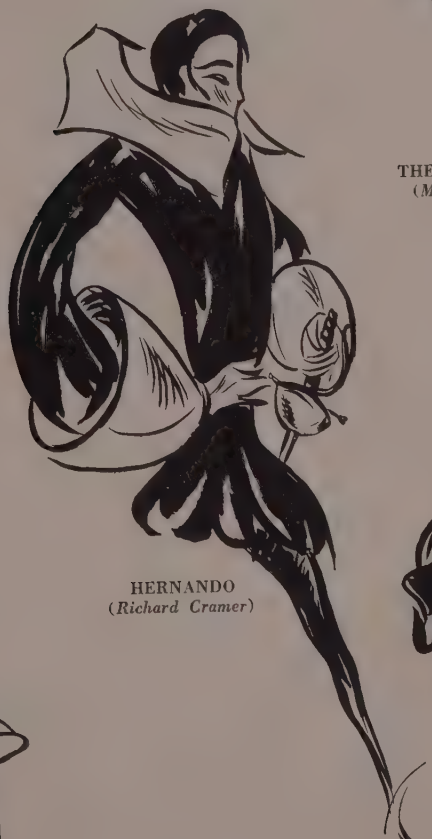
DONNA RODRIGUEZ
(*Marion Barney*)

FATHER HYACINTH
(*H. H. McCollum*)

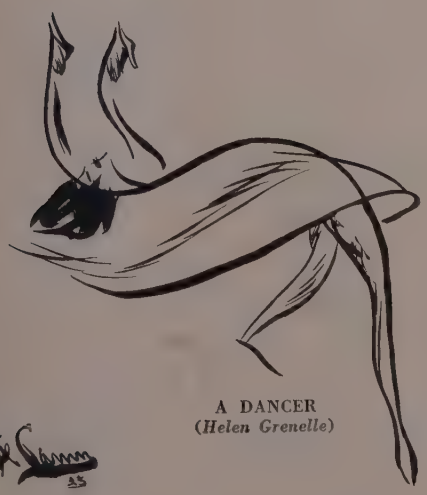
THE YOUNG DUCHESS
(*Marguerite Forrest*)



CHAMBERLAIN
(*Frederick Tiden*)



HERNANDO
(*Richard Cramer*)



A DANCER
(*Helen Grenelle*)

SANCHO AND DAPPLE, HIS FAITHFUL DONKEY
(*Robert Rosaire*)

"SANCHO PANZA" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

Picturesque characters in Melchoir Lengyel's version of Cervantes' immortal "Don Quixote"

(*Sketches by Victor De Pauw*)

hint and goes off, begging Tishy to meet him for a few minutes at 11 o'clock as they say good-bye at the door. After he has gone Mrs. Tevis tells Tishy she has given "Adolph" the five hundred dollar check to cash—— Tishy is horrified, knowing how utterly unreliable her father is where money is concerned—— They both anxiously await his return. At last he enters, vainly trying to disguise his secret anxiety by an affectation of sprightliness, and after hedging as long as he can, he tells them that the money has "gone." Mrs. Tevis bursts into tears and retires to her room, and Tishy is left to extract the truth from him. She has one clue—— Mrs. Stutts had told them she had seen him "with a certain little lady," and when faced with this fact, he is covered with confusion and goes to pieces.

TISHY: You've given the money to—some woman. Haven't you?

TEVIS: O Tevis—Tevis—why does God let you live?

TISHY: *Who was it?*

TEVIS: Oh! What does it matter who it was—now.

TISHY: Daddy, you or I have got to try to get the money back—*from her*, the woman you were with today.

TEVIS: You!

TISHY: Yes—if you force me to go to her.

TEVIS: You—my daughter—go to her—to her! Her? No—no—no! Not if we starve, all of us—in the gutter!

TISHY: Then will *you* go?

TEVIS (*whimpering*): Tishy, as God sees His poor little children, I—I didn't mean to give it all to her—only a few dollars to help a poor young girl—but—but——

TISHY: Father, will you go to her?

TEVIS: *Me?* I—I—— No! I—I'm afraid of her—afraid——

TISHY (*piteously*): Daddy — Daddy — don't make me go!

TEVIS: I can't. I can't——

TISHY: *Then I'll go!* Who is she? Where is she?

TEVIS: Tishy! Don't tell your mother—don't tell your mother!

TISHY: *Who is she?* I've got to get it—I've got to get it! Can't you understand? O why don't you *help* me—*help me?* Tell me—tell me—Daddy!

TEVIS: Too late—too late——

TISHY: I must find out—I must find out—somehow. Oh! That! (*In anguish at the thought of the further humiliation.*)

TEVIS (*agonizedly*): No—No!

MRS. TEVIS (*running from her room*): What is it? Oh Heavens! What is it now? Tishy! Where are you going?

TISHY (*with a hard laugh*): I? I'm going to call on the "bootlegger's bride."

ACT II. Nettie Dark's apartment west of Broadway. Evening. Nettie Dark, who "manicures when she hasn't got anything better to do," (*to quote Mrs. Stutts*) is feeling lonesome, and as her own efforts to lure Emmet Carr to come and call on her have proved unsuccessful, she persuades "Aggie, that lives over Nettie," to telephone him—— Aggie's tale of woe about her friend is so convincing, that Carr agrees to come, "for a minute." However, when he arrives, his one idea is to get away again, as the advances of his former "sweetheart" merely embarrass him now. But Nettie insists on his having a drink with her.

CARR (*emphatically*): I don't want a drink.

NETTIE: O my Lord! I never heard such a dog. Don't *want*——

CARR: I don't! Don't fix it. Not for me.

NETTIE: Why, Emmet Carr! Do you sit there and say you won't have a drink with me, Nettie, on New Year's Eve. *Pig!*

All the same she manages to persuade him, not only to "have a drink," but also to share the supper she has already prepared for him. In order to get rid of him whilst she completes her preparations, she pretends she has forgotten the cream, and Carr goes out to get it. . . . Nettie rapidly changes into a "négligée of brilliant orange silk" and flies round, when she is arrested by the front doorbell ringing—she thinks it is Carr, and goes to open the door, but is confronted by Tishy, who, with the assistance of Mrs. Stutts, has discovered her whereabouts.

"No!—I—I'm afraid of her—afraid——"

NETTIE: Oh Lord! I thought it was a friend of mine coming back. Well, what is it? (*They enter.*) Income Tax—or Birth Control?

TISHY: Are—is this Miss Le Noire?

NETTIE: Yes.

TISHY: I—I should like to speak to you—if I may.

NETTIE (*doubtfully*): Well—I don't know—— I—you see—my friend has just run out a minute before supper—and he'll be here right off, and——

TISHY: I'll try not to detain you very long. I—I——

With little or no encouragement from Nettie, Tishy manages to explain the object of her visit, "I ask you to—to give me back the money my—my father gave you this afternoon. . . ." Nettie is furious, and accuses Tishy of insulting her. . . . They are arguing heatedly when the outer door opens and Carr's voice is heard cheerfully——

CARR: Nettie! Nettie!

NETTIE: Hello, darling! (*Tishy is turned to stone at the sound.*) Did you get your old cream yet?

CARR (*comes running into the room, the little bottle of cream in his hand*)—(*At last, in a low, horrified voice*): Tishy! You—here—— (*Tishy continues to stare.*) Tishy! (*Agitatedly. He suddenly realizes the position in which he appears to her.*) O my God!

NETTIE (*taking the bottle from him*): You've been gone long enough. Gee, I began to think you were going to bring home a little red heifer.

CARR (*disregarding her*): Tishy! What—what are you doing here?

TISHY (*like ice*): I—I need hardly ask that of you.

NETTIE: Is there any reason he shouldn't be here, I'd like to know? He's a very old and very dear friend of mine, Emmet is. Aren't you, Emmet? He's having a little supper here with me, that's what he's doing here.

In anguish, Carr tries to explain the situation to Tishy, but she is scornful and unbelieving; he begs her to "come out of this awful place," where everything he says is against him——

CARR: Tishy! Listen! Believe!

TISHY: Listen — believe? Oh — oh! If I listened all my life, would that help it? Help *this?* (*She gestures about her.*) Believe? Yes, only a few hours ago I—I—believed. (*Choking back the sobs.*) I—I—Oh! I believed this was the day I was going to remember—always. . . . What does anything you—or I—or she—can say, help now? Can't you see—— O can't you see *that?* What you've done to me! Oh, every word I say in this place makes me ashamed—— Oh, so ashamed! It's like dirt—dirt in one's soul—— (*As he tries to speak.*) No, no! Isn't it all horrible enough, shameful enough—without words—those terrible, ghastly *words!* Can't you see that everything is—(*she chokes*)—is—done for—done for! (*She tries to get away.*)

NETTIE: Get out! What did you ever come here for——

CARR: Tishy—you're killing me!

TISHY: You—you killed me!

Tishy tells Carr that she never wants to see him again, but he blocks her way to the door, and asks her: "Did you mean that, *never?*" No—you're not going—not yet——" Furiously, he accuses Nettie of having planned "all this," but she denies it indignantly. . . .

NETTIE: I didn't—I didn't. (*To Tishy.*) *You!* You're his girl! You—*you* tell him! Tell him!

TISHY: She—she's right. I—came here of my own free will.

CARR: Came *here?* What *for*, then? What for?

TISHY: It—it doesn't matter what for—not now.

CARR (*taking her arm*): Tell me what you're here for?

TISHY: How dare you question me? *You!* How *dare* you? Ask her! ! Ask your friend —— Let me go! Ask that woman why I'm here. She'll tell you. Then you'll know. That's the only part of the whole beautiful story you've missed. Ask *her!* (*She pushes past him hysterically and out.*)

CARR: Tishy! Tishy! (*The outer door slams. Carr turns to Nettie.*)

NETTIE (*trying to hide her apprehension*): Well, she's gone—your girl's gone. Ain't she? (*Carr stands motionless with a terrifying look in his eyes. With an affectation of indifference she goes to the Victrola and starts "Ain't We Got Fun."*) Well—she's gone—— What are you going to do now?

CARR (*In a low voice—approaching her slowly, his hands clenched*): I—I—don't know—but—but I think—I'm going to kill you. (*Nettie backs away in terror as he advances.*) I think—I'm going to kill you——

NETTIE (*in a little fearful voice*): No, Metty —— No, Metty—I—I didn't mean to—I—— (*Carr makes a sudden movement forward and seizes her. With her head in both hands he pushes her slowly against the wall.*)

(*Continued on page* 50)

© *Underwood*

DOROTHY STEPS OUT

His erstwhile comic face a study of gravity and pride, Fred Stone meets his darling daughter at the stage-door after her sensational début as co-star with him in *Stepping Stones*

White

BOZO

pantomimist, whose signature "Thomas Snyder" to a contract with Barney Gerard, insures for some time his completely silent comedy to the circle inscribed by the Columbia Wheel. Bozo's charm and Continental methods have introduced a smart following to the vulgar relaxation of burlesque

A FILIAL INTERLUDE

A tender meeting of the tragic and the comic stage. Ed Wynn touring in *The Perfect Fool*, pauses for the embrace of his father-in-law, Frank Keenan, last seen in *Peter Weston*

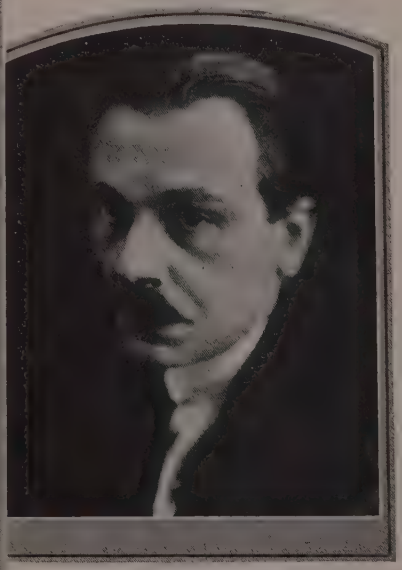
BRIAN HOOKER

whose sensitive, poetic adaptation of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* preserved the beauty and pathos of the drama with inspired devotion and contributed largely to the success of Walter Hampden's finished production

White

MABEL ROWLAND

clever and talented monologist, whose recitals of her original "cartoon-o-logues" have met with enthusiastic Metropolitan approval



H. R. LENORMAND

author of a recent Theatre Guild production, *The Failures*, a sad and beautiful drama of the Futile which discloses in a series of fifteen scenes the woeful lives of a band of third-rate troupers

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Varied talents which are the topics of current conversation

C · I · N · E · M · A

The Cruise of the Speejack and Other Thrills—Applause for Anna Christie

By ALISON SMITH

IN most moving picture audiences there is a quiet little man who sits far back in the shadows. He dozes through the feature picture and writhes visibly through the slap-stick comedy. The music sometimes arouses him but he only awakes to full attention when a certain brief unit is flashed on the screen. It is obvious that there is only one thing for which he has been waiting.

He is the man who comes to see the news-reel.

There are not many of him and, while he is obviously increasing in numbers, he is still out-voted by the hordes of fans who storm the box-office to see their favorite ingénue. Often, when the news-reel is omitted from the program to make room for an elaborate "super-picture," his voice is lifted in protest but its plaint is drowned by the glad chorus of those who prefer to revel in *Should a Widow Tell?* rather than to watch the actual events of this only too dramatic world unfold before their eyes. Often he watches his favorite feature with a wistful sense of disappointment; the news-reel has a habit of passing by the really thrilling events of the week to spin out long details in the work of canneries, lumber-camps and fisheries in the vague hope that they will prove "educational."

But even the canned-fish news-reel (so beautifully burlesqued by Franklin P. Adams) is more interesting to this spectator than the stupid trail of snappy stories which end in the final, loving close-up. And when, by any chance, a really exciting news picture is shown, his joy is pathetic. But he reaps his real reward usually in those pictures catalogued vaguely as "scenics" in which the vital events of the real world are exchanged for the tinsel happenings of a world of make-believe.

THE CRUISE OF THE SPEEJACK

SUCH a film was *Nanook of the North* that stirring record of a philosophical Eskimo and his ceaseless struggle for life in his frozen world. And such a film was *The Cruise of the Speejack.*

The *Speejack* was a honey-moon yacht in which a pair of intrepid newly-weds (so runs the legend) set forth for a cruise around the world. In their wanderings, they touch on various islands of the Pacific little known to the average tourist, and their adventures with the natives—the dances, religious rites and social customs of a weird and fantastic people—give a more exciting spectacle than any furnished by the most brilliant moving picture cast.

Our only quarrel with the picture is that it is not long enough; the cruise takes them to the Bay of Naples where they suddenly—quite too suddenly—embark for home. We would like nothing better than to follow these young visitors through Europe and up into the Far North. Also it was unfortunate that the picture was cut into two sections, to make room for a feature drama on the same program. We have forgotten what this photodrama was but we remember that it seemed exceedingly flat after the thrilling panorama we had just been watching. The glamour and charm of the *Speejack's* journey was greatly enhanced by the sub-titles of Terry Ramsaye who caught the wanderlust spirit of the cruise with delightful humor and all the color of an imaginative traveler.

Thus far, no ambitious scout has come forward with a report as to how the *Speejack* film is faring in the picture houses. If the attitude of the Rivoli audience is any

GLORIA AS A GAMIN

For the first time, the Swanson draperies are exchanged for boy's clothes. The picture is *The Humming Bird*

criterion, it has had the success it deserves. But there is no accounting for films off the beaten track of production and you can't blame the managers for being coy about a picture which does not play true to the stereotyped traditions of the typical movie-fan. What they do not realize however, is that there is another audience which at present cannot be dragged into a picture house but which would storm the doors for masterpieces like this if they knew where they could be found.

Our enthusiasm for the *Speejack* picture rises to a frenzy this month because the screen has been deluged with a series of particularly heavy, dull and meaningless pictures which come under the ponderous head of "historical romances." Of these the most elaborate and the dullest is *Under the Red Robe,* an incredibly tiresome yarn of old France in which Cardinal Richelieu, Louis XIII and Marie de Medici stalked heavily through its endless reels. Our one delight in this film was the lovely background furnished by Josef Urban but you can't watch interiors and exteriors all evening and keep your interest alive. Alma Rubens carried out the decorative note by her poses as the heroine but she could not make the character come to life and very soon gave up the struggle. John Charles Thomas is cast as the swashbuckling hero who has little chance to swashbuckle. This is the final note of irony, for Mr. Thomas, who sings like a god, is hopelessly lost in the mazes of this meandering story. It would be interesting to know just what twist of fate thrust one of our greatest concert singers into the silent drama. At the first night, he appeared before the curtain and sang the prologue from *Pagliacci;* this saved the evening.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING

IN the Palace of the King is equally artificial though not quite as elaborate and therefore easier to bear. For all that most of the thrills have been sunk without a trace by ponderous direction. We remember hanging breathless over this F. Marion Crawford plot at an age when we should have been engaged with our algebra, but we could recapture none of this bliss from the film. It was a matter of complete indifference whether Dolores the beautiful heroine is imprisoned in a convent or whether the hero meets sudden death in his many exhibitions of sword-play. Blanche Sweet and Edmund Lowe do their best with these star-crossed lovers but something deadens your interest in their fate. It is another example of a director who brings to his task lavish settings, well-trained actors, elaborate costumes—everything in fact but human interest without which the film is dead.

Even Jackie Coogan has been caught in the meshes of a drama of royalty. Fortunately his regal adventure in *Long Live the King* is far better than the other two; indeed, its chief defect is that it is too long. Jackie plays a young Prince Otto whose constant ventures into democracy keep the court in an uproar. There is something inexpressibly wistful about a child surrounded by the trappings of royalty and Jackie makes the most of this note—like the young Prince by Velasquez.

Nevertheless, our fondest memories of Jackie Coogan are the simpler ones of a fat little kid trotting contentedly after his immortal hero with the big flat feet and the little foolish cane.

Another young adventurer is introduced in *Stephen Steps Out* which was adapted especially to the very considerable talents of Douglas Fairbanks the 2nd. He has

POLA NEGRI

Tade Syka's vivid impression of the exotic screen star

many of the ingratiating tricks which has made his father so popular and a certain juvenile twinkle of his own. It is a repetition on the screen of the stage success of *Stepping Stones* through which Dorothy Stone danced her way into the heart of her famous father's audience. The film in which young Douglas arrives is a fairly amusing melodrama of a boy's adventures in school and in the dangerous politics of Turkey. The local color of Turkey may be all that it should be but the director's idea of academic life is at times a bit sketchy. But no one will mind this, least of all the small boys who came to enjoy Douglas, Jr. and did—vociferously.

And while on the subject of juvenile films we may mention in passing *The Country Kid* as an awful warning. It is a perfect example of what not to do with a small boy actor. Wesley Barry is as talented in his way as either of the others we have mentioned are in theirs, he is naturally simple and direct and genuine to the last freckle. Yet this scenario puts him in one of those simpering boy's rôles which we thought had passed forever with the passing of those maudlin Sunday School books for children. The action is divided between the heroic business of saving his brothers from the poor-house and cheap slapstick with cows and chickens. Whoever is responsible for it, doesn't deserve Wes Barry.

Eugene O'Neill's stage play *Anna Christie* was one of the most haunting memories of its season. It was a poignant study of fog and sea-spray and poor blundering humanity done with that mixture of irony and pity which is that playwrights own. Now the fortunes of the weather-beaten and undaunted Anna have reached the screen and it is a pleasure to report that the touching qualities of the original have been miraculously preserved. This is partly due to the sympathetic and subtle understanding of Blanche Sweet as Anna and George Marion as the old father but on the whole we believe it is the result of Tom Ince's direction. Of course nothing could be quite like the stage play—we missed particularly the husky voice of Pauline Lord—but for true pathos and laconic understanding of character, we have seen nothing better than this film in all the various stage adaptations.

SLAVE OF DESIRE

IF you love Balzac and have a weak heart we advise you to take no chances with *Slave of Desire*. For it is supposed to have been adapted from *The Magic Skin;* that same curious bit of leather which had the power of granting wishes but which grew smaller with each wish fulfilled. There were endless possibilities here for a film masterpiece, a strange, fantastic piece of allegory for which the possibilities of the camera are particularly adapted. Instead it emerges as a cheap and ridiculous triangle melodrama which even falls short of its attempt to be sensational. This in spite of Bessie Love's admirable bit of acting the only note of sincerity in the cast. Alas poor Balzac! It is an example of literary butchery comparable only to the "adaptation" of the Barrie *Admirable Creighton* into the lavish piece of vulgarity called *Male and Female.*

WILD BILL HICKOK

IN *Wild Bill Hickok* the attention of the audience is concentrated on Bill Hart himself, in person rather than on the two-gun person which he was supposed to represent. For it was this Bill's return to the screen which drew the eager audiences to the film. They found the same lean, laconic hero with his squint, and his winning smile and his long upper lip which quivers at the thought of "the little woman." His famous "paint" horse was with him; this noble steed also loped into his rôle with fervor and intensity. It was a great afternoon for the Hart fans. As for the film it was like every other Hart plot that has ever been written. Except perhaps for the artistic gesture of an unhappy ending. But in this case, Hart himself and not the play was the thing.

A SCREEN *ROMOLA*
Lillian Gish again in Italy for the filming of the famous George Elliot novel

In *This Freedom* A. S. M. Hutchinson wrote a novel about woman in her home and woman in an office. The mother, who devoted herself to the baking of pies and the making of bread saw her family swept to ruin under her devoted eyes. Her daughter, who went in for a profession, lost all her children in the most distressing manner as soon as her back was turned. For the life of us, we couldn't discover the moral of this tale unless it is "Don't be a woman." Moreover the book seemed maudlin, hysterical and sloppily written and by no means to be compared to the author's first success *If Winter Comes.*

Now it has reached the screen and we can't say that this has clarified it any. The picture was made abroad; probably in London, for fog seems to have seeped in through the chinks of the sets. It isn't an invigorating film and will throw little light on the perplexing question of "women's sphere" which is still being violently agitated in certain quarters.

More preaching and more moral. This time they are both perfectly obvious. *Flaming Youth* is one of those numberless sermons directed toward the younger generation with which we have been deluged ever since Scott Fitzgerald set the fashion. In most of them, however, the author gets more enjoyment out of painting the wickedness of the younger set than in scolding them for behaving in so unedifying a manner. This is particularly true of this film which has so many flapper orgies that the moral is lost in the shuffle. Elliott Dexter and Colleen Moore play up beautifully to both. The picture is utterly absurd but rather entertaining.

PONJOLA

A SCREEN version has been made of *Ponjola,* that hectic tale by Cynthia Stockley in life in South Africa. The plot follows the sudden degradation of our hero and his general reform through a blonde heroine disguised as a boy. The plot has its thrills and plenty of heavy African atmosphere. Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood head the cast.

The Common Law has been transferred to the screen with its Robert Chambers thrills somewhat worn by time. This sort of artist-studio-helpless-model plot went out of date with big sleeves but it is not quite old enough to have the glamour of antiquity. Corinne Griffith does her best with the rôle of Valerie West but the character still has something of the effect of an old "Gibson girl" drawing.

The Day of Faith is a futile attempt to revive the thrills of *The Miracle Man.* It is the story of a man who believed that his neighbor was perfect and converted most of the cast of this pleasant idea. As a moral lesson it may convert others off the screen, as entertainment, it leaves much to be desired.

As we are finishing this, a news note drifts in which is of the greatest possible promise. It announces the formal association of Maude Adams with a new organization of picture-producers which call themselves the Guild Made Pictures, Inc. For some time, Miss Adams has been working on new experiments in lighting and color in the laboratories of the General Electric Company and this announcement is probably the result of this labor.

The first picture will be under her own supervision and will be called *Aladdin.*

MOSTLY FRECKLES

Introducing Mickey Bennett, seven, the Paramount child prodigy who is featured in *Big Brother*

Bull

MAE BUSCH

Whose charms have been woven into the tapestry of many recent films

DON'T CALL IT LOVE

Which is the screen title of *Rita Coventry*, in which Nita Naldi plays the rôle of the temperamental opera star

Doolittle

Hiller

LARRY SEMON

popular buffoon, temporarily abandons the slapstick to adopt this classic attitude of the wistful clown

NAME THE MAN

A curious bit of composition in Victor Seastrom's screen version of a Hall Caine story

ON AND OFF THE SET

New stories and popular personalities in the passing film-show

M · U · S · I · C

Swedish Ballet Versus the Philistines—Mr. Chaliapin Twice Descends to Hell

By ADRIAN PELHAM

THE Metropolitan Opera House and the Swedish Ballet—tradition versus aspiration—yesterday and the day after tomorrow—truly the House of Art has many mansions! Yet it would be both unkind and unjust to plaster "Yesterday" across the portals of the Broadway temple of song. A theatre which gives such a *Meistersinger* as the Metropolitan gave this year and which contains a Chaliapin in its company does not belong entirely to the past, while as for the Swedish Ballet, it is not at all sure that such a day after tomorrow will ever arrive. I for one hope that it won't—which aspiration will at once write me down in the black book of the intelligentsia as a dull reactionary. Yet even a reactionary must be grateful for the Swedish Ballet. It furnishes him with a reason for being one, in fact, it makes him proud of it. Which all doesn't mean that the Swedish Ballet is without merit; in fact if the average reactionary had to choose between *L'Amico Fritz* at the Metropolitan and *L'Homme et son Désir* at the Century, he would probably choose the latter. It would at least make him swear, while Fritz would only make him snore.

BALLET REALLY FRENCH

ASIDE from two or threedances and one folk ballet, *The Foolish Virgins,* the Swedish Ballet is about as Swedish as the Boul' Miche. It is, in fact, a child of the Six, that little Parisian futuristic cenacle of five men and one woman which for the last three years has had artistic France by the ears. The Ballet had in Paris a moderate amount of success because it was identified with this artistic movement, and because Paris is always ready to bet its money on the latest comer. But in New York it was on alien soil, and the only number which won any popular applause during the week's engagement at the Century was *Within the Quota,* a purely American production, of which the music was written by Cole Porter, and the ballet-sketch, scenery, and costumes the creation of Gerald Murphy. This ballet, depicting the meetings of a newly arrived immigrant with such typically American figures as the Reformer, the Colored Gentleman, the Jazz Baby, the Cowboy, and Mary Pickford, and danced before a back drop representing the first page of the New York *American,* was vital and amusing, and the music perfectly characteristic. It was symbolic only in the broadest sense, and was a straight-forward bit of humor, free alike from platitude and pretension.

L'Homme et son Désir, despite Darius Milhaud's interesting, though provocative score, was a ferrago of symbolism which had little meaning, even after a perusal of the Paul Claudel prose poem on which it was founded. The same trouble lay with *Skating Rink,* which had a score of unusual rhythmic quality by Arthur Honegger, while Jean Cocteau's *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel,* was an admirable bit of vaudeville, too local to be appreciated by an American audience. As for the company, only Jean Borlin stood out as a mime of any particular merit.

Yet the visit of the Swedish Ballet was not without its positive quality. The futurist music of Milhaud and Honegger when set as the accompaniment to pantomime became much less terribly chaotic than when heard in a concert room. The conviction grows that this so-called music of the future isn't meant to stand on its own discords, but is merely interpretive of visual action. Taken thus it can be swallowed and enjoyed by the most reactionary of the lovers of melody.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER WITH HIS WIFE

Richard Wagner's son is in America to direct a number of concerts to be given to aid his father's theatre in Bayreuth

The lovers of melody are always at home at the Metropolitan, whether they be Wagnerites or Puccinites, but this year even they must have been staggered a little at Signor Gatti-Casazza's first two revivals. The first of these was Mascagini's *L'Amico Fritz,* last sung in New York by Emma Calvé, and then devoutly buried. Signor Gatti disinterred it, gave it an excellent cast and an Urban setting—and it returned as great a bore as ever. Neither the charming Lucrezia Bori, nor the silver-throated Miguel Fleta could breathe life into it. Pietro Mascagini burned out his genius in one brief hot-blooded opera. After *Cavalleria Rusticana* the rest of Signor Mascagini has been dust and ashes.

The second revival was a work of even less musical value—Giordano's *Fedora.* What is good in this opera is Sardou. It was given, of course, to present an acting part for Maria Jeritza, who played it for the melodrama that it is. It did not prove one of the Viennese soprano's most successful rôles, for she utterly missed the distinction of the part. Fedora was a Russian aristocrat and Mme. Jeritza, for all her height and blonde beauty, never for a moment seemed anything but a girl of the people. Mr. Martinelli was more successful as Loris, but the real gems of the performance were afforded by Antonio Scotti and Miss Queena Mario.

CHALIAPIN VERSUS GOUNOD

BUT it is time to speak of Mr. Chaliapin and his twin devils—the devils of Boito and Gounod. The former devil is a friend from last season, but the latter the great Russian basso gave for the first time since his appearance here fifteen years ago. Mr. Chaliapin does not sing the Gounod music the way it is written—in fact he doesn't sing any music as it is written. Mr. Chaliapin is a law unto himself. When he feels like it he stretches out his hand and holds up the orchestra. He makes conductors his valets, and his fellow singers his slaves. He strides about the boards juggling the laws of art as he juggles the globe in the third act of *Mefistofele.* He thumbs his nose at tradition, and he quite shamelessly hogs the stage. He did all these things either actually or metaphorically in Faust, and he gave the most vital performance New York has seen in twenty years.

After all, the music of Gounod isn't sacred, and what Chaliapin did to Gounod isn't a patch on what Gounod did to Goethe. Somebody said after the performance that Chaliapin made Faust into a vaudeville act—which was precisely what Gounod did to Goethe's superb Spirit of Negation. The only really injured party is Goethe; but I have a sneaking suspicion that if the Sage of Weimar could have sat in an orchestra chair, he would have sent his card around to Chaliapin after the performance and asked him to supper. And I should have liked to have been there to hear the Olympian's comments on Gounod.

Let us tell it in Gath—there is nothing sacred in opera, which, despite Richard Wagner, is a bastard art, even when it is denominated as music-drama. Opera is a compromise between music and drama, and sometimes one and sometimes the other

(*Continued on page* 56)

Apeda

ELDA VETTORI

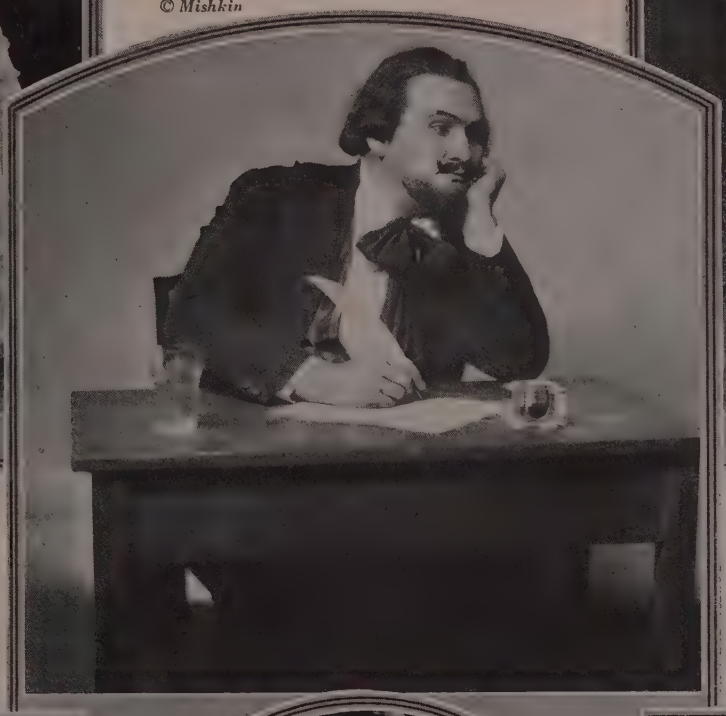
That the fragrance of the old South still lingers on the banks of the Mississippi is proved by this photograph of a young St. Louis girl with the San Carlo Opera Company

(Below)

MARIO CHAMLEE

As Rodolfo. In his most pensively poetic mood this American tenor recalls both in face and voice the Caruso of fifteen years ago

© Mishkin



Charles Davis

QUEENA MARIO

Grace, distinction, a lovely voice, and a Sembrich training have brought her from a New Jersey suburb to stardom on the stage of the Metropolitan

© Mishkin

ELIZABETH RETHBERG

Whose Aida has brought a double boon to New York audiences—a great voice and a great art, both possessed by a singer who is still several years on the sunny side of thirty

© Mishkin

GEORGE MEADER

Most buoyant and versatile of buffo tenors, his operatic whiskers fail utterly to hide his youth and charm

© Mishkin

RENEE CHEMET

A true daughter of France whose blonde beauty and the golden tone of her violin have proved equally irresistible to American concert audiences

YOUTH HAS ITS INNING IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

Six reasons for believing that after all old times were not the best

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

The Hippodrome Goes to Work for Mr. Albee—A Vamp Exposed—Lionel Atwill's Melodramatics

By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

THE extensive, and often exhaustive, research connected with this department threw me the other night into the path of the Woman Men cannot Resist. "Come out on the stage and watch me die," she whispered alluringly. I thought of any number of vaudeville actors whose deaths would be more diverting. But when one is face to face with an opportunity for the uplift of the stage, one must grasp it. I had no personal interest in the passing of Nita Naldi. In fact, she is one of the most beautiful women I ever have seen, and her feet are exquisite little epigrams in verse. She counteracts the odor of chop suey with peppermint lozenges and has any number of lovable little vices. But if she was determined to die on the vaudeville stage, it was my duty in the interest of entertainment to cheer her on as heartily as possible.

Her absurd vamp outfit of black net and red roses trailed through the startled gloom. The temperature was freezing. She led me through a thicket of rickety property to a trunk piled with horse-blankets, which she indicated with a grand gesture as the royal box from which I was to view her untimely demise. She deposited on my lap Mimi, who shivered persistently and gruesomely, but had been warned not to bark. I could see the great vampire's breath and her chilly back through the netting. From the auditorium, a storm of applause percolated the curtain. "What's that?" I whispered cautiously.

"That's me," said Nita, "They're showing a trailer from *Blood and Sand*. I'm ruining Rodolf Valentino." And still the lady was determined to go through with it.

The curtain went up to slow music and the Wickedest Woman in the World entered upon her vaudeville adventure. A middle-aged actress passed before me, carrying a bungalow apron and a shopping bag—a mother in the act! "Is this by Edgar Allan Woolf?" I leaned over and asked the Honorable Jack Donahue, "Dancer to His Majesty," who was practising pivot whirls behind the curtain. "I don't know," he said apologetically. "But it won't go in the country. Get this line!"

"He was such a swell dresser," Nita was saying. "He always wore a red necktie."

"Pardon me," said a gentleman from among the shadows, "but you're on Lizzie's pajamas." Mimi and I wriggled about on the blankets, but could not locate Elizabeth's lingerie. "You're sitting on them," the voice insisted frantically. So we had to get down and miss all Nita's snappy persiflage, while Lizzie and her sister in the act were dressing to go back to the stable. As they each wore four goloshes, there was a great clumping, above which rang the voice of the exotic enchantress: "Bring on the corned beef and cabbage!"

"Well, you didn't die after all," I complained bitterly as the great Naldi stumbled through the curtains.

"No, but I probably will at the Palace," she said gloomily. "Did you like the act?"

"Yes," I answered, thinking she meant Mr. Donahue's.

THE great vaudeville artiste is a curious individual, a being endowed with some peculiar gifts, extraordinary talents; a person a little bit vulgar, childlike, with childish assurance, often slightly mad. He is so intensely individual that the legitimate performer, the leisurely, dignified, conservative entertainer, is lost in the unequal race

with him. Through no fault of vaudeville and no deficiencies of his own, the distinguished Mr. Lionel Atwill, the other night, came very near receiving the little "birdie" as we say on deah old Shawftsbury Avenue. He was appearing in a sketch so crude, so utterly transparent, so patently hoity-toity, that the gallery became slightly impatient with him and likewise slightly forgetful of its manners.

Mr. Atwill was required to pretend to be shot by a rival husband, to overhear a wife's protestations of love, and the wicked husband's infamy. The trickery of spilled red ink and bungled aim was so raw that the star's dramatic death agonies provoked a ripple of titters. And when he did come 'round to his high-flown "now I have discovered my true friends" speech, exhibiting the red ink and the bullet hole in the chair-back there simply wasn't the required surprise. Mr. Atwill is accompanied in his futile and conscientious effort by Elsie Mackaye Kipp in a charming frock, and two serious and capable actors. But his admirers will be distressed to see him appearing in this ten-penny revamped version of his *White-Faced Fool*.

WILKIE Bard, in one of his characterizations, refers to his wife as "Meaty Lizzie." Such is the delicacy of his comedy. But it is expert, not so new as to be unpleasantly unfamiliar, and yet far enough from our beaten track of vaudeville wit to be arresting. He permits himself to be comically beaten up with a toy bladder wielded by a festive reveller, and basks in the sunshine of low comedy with equally moving glee and pathos. But his copious vulgarity is lacking in the distinction and sophistication of Bobby Clark's or Chaplin's. A gentleman near me sighed fervently, "There's only one Wilkie Bard!" We may be thankful that there is one while being thankful that there is only one.

THE Hippodrome made its début as a vaudeville theatre with a blaze of press-notice glory, an odor like the inside of a ship, and one of the dullest programs ever arranged as high-class vaudeville. Mr. E. F. Albee has preserved the historic landmark as an altruistic gift to posterity and the "kiddies," and now all he has to do is sit tight and see what happens.

Breitbart, the strongest man in the world, especially imported and advance-heralded by posters of himself in the virile company of Samson and Hercules, dragons and roaring beasts, proved upon inspection to be more strong than manly. With waving hair, and a leopard-cub hide half-heartedly concealing his elegantly powdered person, the marvelous Man of Iron supported upon his chest a carrousel, then a bridge over which rode a procession of horses; and twisted iron pipes into dainty designs with his bare hands, all these feats attended by the most airily effeminate gestures and mannerisms. But by far, the beauty spot in Breitbart's display was his

(*Continued on page* 56)

Murray

RENEE ROBERT

Who dances expertly and amusingly to the music of her own exclusive jazz-band, and whose flashy technique and vivid personality strike a note even more arresting

(*Below*)
ODETTE
MYRTIL

A violiniste whose proficiency is supplemented by both charm and chic, erstwhile star of the European halls, and at present contributing brilliant distinction to our own

Apeda

Goldberg

JULIE BEKIFI

One-time star of the *Chauve-Souris*, now adding her beauty, grace and quaint humor to her own artistic vaudeville god-child of it, *Bekifi's Theatre Grotesque*

Lumiere

JOE BROWNING

A solemn wag, whose wit is of a flavor considerably less pious than his make-up

Bert

AL K. HALL

Whose pathetic study, "how not to win a woman," contributed enormously to the fun of the Hippodrome

TRIUMPHS IN THE TWO-A-DAY

Artistes Laureate in the Realm of Comedy, Music and the Dance

Monroe

MARY EATON

With her fragile beauty, sweet voice and fluent grace, this lavishly gifted young girl glorifies Ziegfeld and giddy Eddie Cantor in their current comic-operetta *Kid Boots*

JEAN TENNYSON

stepping gracefully into the title rôle of the Broadway *Adrienne*, this Chicago girl revealed a voice and charm of exceptional loveliness. She continues to head the company on its road tour

Monroe

ADA MAE

has subtracted her surname "Weeks" from her vivacious personality, and added a sweet voice to the characteristic foolishness and acrobatics which are featured in her first starring vehicle *Lollipop*

Burke

NEW JEWELS IN THE SONG AND DANCE SETTING

Presenting the débutantes among the tenor-ensnarers of current musical comedy

Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

LON CHANEY registered a sensational success as Quasimodo in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and incidentally received, it is said, $2,500 a week for his services during the many weeks it took to film that superfeature. How Chaney's salary came to be that high has been Broadway gossip recently. When the Universal directors wanted him for the part Chaney was telephoned to and asked his salary. He gave it as $1,500. The Universal official who was doing the talking, laughed at the proposal of anything so high and hung up the receiver. But two or three days' deliberation did not suggest anyone else for the difficult rôle and again Chaney was called and asked the same question. "My salary is now $2,000," he said, and this time the Universal director cut off communication furiously. But not all the King's horses in Carl Laemmle's offices could produce a substitute and Chaney was again called. "My salary is now $2,500," he said. "It will be $3,000 the next time you call, and $3,500 the time after that. So I would suggest your saving some money!" The hint was taken and Chaney employed at a salary exactly $1,000 more than he had asked for in the first place!

CLAUDE KING, another actor who has made a sensational hit, plays two parts in the Broadway success, *In the Next Room*. In one of them this very English actor depicts a French character so remarkably well as to conceal his identity completely from the audience—and this with the use of very little make-up. It calls to mind Bernard Shaw's once saying to King, "My boy, you are the worst actor in England," and in answer to King's embarrassed demand for a reason, the celebrated playwright said, "Because every time you come on the stage I have to look at the program to see who you are."

That New York and in fact all of these dear states are given regularly to hysterical vogues is evidenced amply by the MOSCOW ART THEATRE and ELEONORA DUSE. When the Russians played here last year praise concerning them was most exaggerated and fulsome. Fair ladies and strong men caved in with emotion under the pressure of so much and so high an art, and the Muscovites did a brisk business accordingly. But this season with that art in no wise abated and with precisely the same actors of whom last year everybody said, "you mustn't miss," the Moscow Art Theatre is playing to houses not half-filled. And Russian is the only language heard spoken among what people there may be in the audience. As for Duse, a few weeks ago in Philadelphia when the Philadelphia Forum bought out the entire house for one of the Italian tragedienne's matinées, the first twelve rows remained absolutely empty due to the fact that the smart society matrons who were customarily allotted those choice locations, "had already seen Duse," and chose not to come again even though they had to pay for their seats. The situation rendered Duse furious and she muffed her lines continually during the entire performance, saying to her American manager that nowhere in the world had she been so offended. Yet I am confident that these same Philadelphia society women rolled their eyes and were generally ecstatic over their teacups while reporting to their friends how deeply they had been moved on the previous occasion when they actually had seen her.

A well-known playwright who currently has a tremendous success on Broadway, was asked by MARY PICKFORD to prepare a scenario of Goethe's *Faust* in order that "America's sweetheart" might play the immortal rôle of Marguerite. The playwright undertook the task at once and simultaneously, in order to gain time, costumes were ordered made and sets that would be necessary were placed under construction. It is said that preparatory work was done on the production which totalled a cost of nearly $300,000. At that point the playwright submitted his finished script to Miss Pickford and in it she learned for the first time that Marguerite became a mother in the story of *Faust* without lawful wedlock and that furthermore she did away with her child. Miss Pickford had apparently forgotten this little detail in the great story, and her doing so lost her a great deal of time and money, for she felt her public would not care to witness her in any such rôle, and the project was given up.

JOHN GOLDEN is gathering unto himself the reputation of being a manuscript mutilator among well-known playwrights. Two of the best established authors in America have been the victims of Golden's faith in himself as a "fixer" of plays from the popular angle, though in neither case did his extraordinary interference with the script produce success, though those who knew the pieces in their original form believed them to be corking plays. The producer has made a fortune for himself giving the public what it wants, however, and there is some reason to believe he understands its tastes better than any other manager in the business. He shares with Cohan the belief that any show can be made into a hit with plenty of publicity.

Speaking of GEORGE M. COHAN, the famous dancing dramatist is Broadway's most charitably inclined figure. He supports dozens of old-timers who have the right to call him "Georgie"; he practically never refuses a request for a helping hand; he gave the first thousand dollars for NELLIE REVELL'S new book as an aid to that courageous invalid—he'll appear at any benefit and buy a seat in the bargain!

The death from burns of MARTHA MANSFIELD, after her costume had been set fire to by a carelessly thrown cigarette, was a tremendous shock to the picture colony. Gradually it was learned in Los Angeles and Hollywood that Miss Mansfield's crinoline gown had had an understructure made of celluloid. It was this substance which, once ignited, could not be extinguished until it had inflicted hideous and mortal injuries about the waist of the young film actress. Celluloid has been used a great deal recently for this purpose in order to make the costume lighter and the long hours of waiting less tedious in consequence. But the picture world has had its lesson and celluloid will, no doubt, go into the discard for purposes of personal attire.

Now that *Cyrano* is such a success on Broadway one hears a good deal of gossip about notable noses of the Street. LOUIS WOLHEIM of *Hairy Ape* fame is thinking of having his pugnacious proboscis fixed along Grecian lines much to the consternation of his friends and his wife. FANNIE BRICE is said to have had hers fixed solely for what publicity there might be in the event for her. SAM HARRIS, whose frontal piece suggests the prize-ring in its shattered contours, is said to have actually had it smashed in a bout with a pro under the ancient and honorable auspices of AL WOODS, back in the day when that gentleman was performing various and often dubious stunts in showmanship in the adjacent hinterland.

ARTHUR RICHMAN and H. G. WELLS were at a railway station in Berlin waiting for a train which was to take them Eastward when they

(*Continued on page* 66)

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

JOHN MASEFIELD'S NEWEST PLAY

By special permission of the author, *Melloney Holtspur,* the Masefield drama recently produced at the Playbox, in London, had its American première at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where it was given a splendid setting. The scene above is from the first act of the Pasadena production

Photos by White

THE MANOR CLUB PLAYERS

(Above) A tense moment in *On The Stairs,* presented by The Manor Club Players, Pelham Manor, N. Y., with Caspar Hagemeyer, Walter Dyer and Vernon Radcliffe. (Left) Vernon Radcliffe, a New York advertising man, who has successfully directed a number of Manor Club productions, as he appeared in the rôle of Swami, with Anne Hollister as Elsa. Miss Hollister has been engaged for a Broadway production, as a result of her excellent work with this group

The University of Toronto's Little Theatre

Hart House, the Undergraduates' Club of the University, Houses a Little Theatre, Unique in Its Achievements as Well as Its Appointments

By W. S. MILNE

IN the centre of one of Toronto's most beautiful parks, stands a grey stone building which seems in spite of its modern origin, to belong to fifteenth century England—England of the Tudors. High pointed archways, nail-studded oaken doors; great oriole windows rich in delicate stone tracery; grinning gargoyles, and grotesque twisted chimneys; all succeed in creating the atmosphere of a place apart.

This is Hart House, the Undergraduates' Club of the University of Toronto, and the home of Toronto's Little Theatre.

To enter the auditorium one must descend a long vaulted corridor which seems to go on and on into the bowels of the earth. This little theatre is underground. When one's eyes become accustomed to the dim religious light, they see an auditorium well-nigh ideal for its purpose. It is built with a gently sloping floor, so that each of the four hundred upholstered armchairs is a perfect seat. The proscenium opening is wide, hung with a curtain of black and orange velvet, and flanked by two high pylon-like doorways leading from a deep forestage. The bays between the roof-vaulting are hung with original costume plates for some ten plays, a brilliant note of color.

The foyer contains a unique collection of theatrical relics, ranging from the original prompt-book of the Beggars' Opera and the first scenery designs ever used in England, to some of the garments worn by Irving on the stage, and including a collection of playbills some of which were old in Garrick's day.

As the time of the performance approaches, a sonorous gong booms out. Two minutes later the note is heard again, and all the lights fade slowly and gently into darkness. Three knocks are heard, and the curtains draw apart. The play has begun.

The architecture and decoration, the half-lights, the ritual of commencement, all induce in the playgoer a receptive feeling, a readiness to enter into the spirit of the play, a cleavage from the mood of every-day. It is a twilight approach to the ivory gate of dreams, through which shine the skies of the golden land of Rosalind, of Cyrano, of Peter Pan, or gloom the tragic clouds of the country of Phædra or of Lear.

A COMBINED COMMUNITY THEATRE AND WORKSHOP

THE Theatre, although part of Hart House, and like it, a gift to the University, of the Massey foundation, is not an undergraduate playhouse. Neither is it endowed in any way. It is supported by the public as subscribers.

It is a community theatre in the widest sense of the term. The director, Bertram Forsyth, has gathered together the finest company of players available in this city. They are real amateurs—they play for the love of it, and are willing to rehearse nightly for weeks in order that the ensemble performance may be as near perfection as possible. There are no "stars" and no salaries. The only paid officials are at present the director, wardrobe mistress, carpenter and box-office secretary. The "crews" are composed for the most part of undergraduates. All settings, all properties, all costumes, are designed and manufactured "back stage" by these volunteer workers.

The students of the Ontario College of Art have formed a school of stage design in connection with the theatre, in which the most modern ideas in decoration are studied and applied. Each summer an intensive training course in every branch of dramatic art is held in the theatre, to which come students from all parts of Canada and the United States. The regular program for the year consists of a series of eight plays, one each month, seven performances of each play. For these the public may subscribe, or tickets for individual plays may be purchased as desired. Each university student has the privilege of two subscriptions at reduced rates. As there are only four hundred seats available, the theatre only just manages to pay its way.

In addition to these regular performances, special presentations of unusual plays are given for subscribers only, and from time to time programs of "first" plays by unknown authors are presented by first-class casts.

INTERESTING PROGRAMS THE RULE AT HART HOUSE

SOME of the plays presented during the past (the theatre is now commencing its fifth season) have been: Ben Jonson's *Alchemist,* Rostand's *Romancers,* Euripides' *Hippolytus,* Shaw's *Candida* and *You Never Can Tell,* Milne's *Belinda,* Wiers-Jensen's *Ann Pedersdotter, The Tempest, Cymbeline, Love's Labours Lost,* Ibsen's *Rosmersholm,* Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle,* Chesterton's *Magic,* Lady Gregory's *The Dragon,* Sheridan's *Rivals,* several Canadian folk-plays, and a great many more.

Opera has also been successfully attempted. Last season it was Gluck's *Orfeo et Eurydice;* this year, *Le Mariage de Figaro.* A number of plays in French have also been given, including Anatole France's *L'Homme qui était Marié à une Femme Muette,* and *Les Précieuses Ridiculées* of Molière.

This random list indicates the scope of the theatre and the scale of the equipment. The stage is a large one, so that a cast of forty to sixty can be adequately handled. There is permanent dressing-room accommodation for thirty, and as many more can be temporarily provided for. "Back stage" comprises a carpenter shop, paint shop, storerooms, wardrobe room, property room, "noise gallery," with adjustable shutters, opening on stage, and the "Long Room," a comfortable rest-room for the players, where teas are served to order any afternoon, and regularly after each performance.

(*Continued on page* 68)

Charles Cogshall, a very decorative show "girl" in the University of Michigan Union Opera, *Cotton Stockings,* in which all rôles, both male and female are enacted by men students

Lionel Ames, leading "lady" of *Cotton Stockings,* the first University of Michigan show to be presented in New York, where it played at the Metropolitan Opera House to an enthusiastic audience

(Above) Theseus mourning over Phædra, in Euripides' *Hippolytus*, as done at Hart House Theatre

Hart House, the Undergraduates' Club of the University of Toronto, and the home of Toronto's Little Theatre, has been the scene of many beautifully staged productions; among others, Euripides' *Hippolytus*, and Lady Gregory's *The Dragon*, from which these illustrations have been taken

(Left) A setting of unusual interest for Lady Gregory's fairy play, *The Dragon*

(Below) Theseus in the doorway—a scene from Euripides' *Hippolytus*

THE PRODUCTIONS OF HART HOUSE THEATRE, TORONTO

Simplicity, which has been defined as "the greatest artistic achievement," is an integral factor of the frock on the left worn so charmingly by Miss Fay Marbe. Peach-colored crêpe is the material and what look like deep tucks are in reality very narrow ones. A gathered side panel adds chic effect

A model of grace and becomingness, whose details are in accord with the last word for such frocks, has a top part of embroidered net and a skirt formed of wide lace insertions and rows of valenciennes. Observe that the frock is sleeveless and that it has a bertha. It is worn by Miss Zita Moulton

Pach

THE BEST THINGS IN TOWN

Models for the South from Bergdorf-Goodman

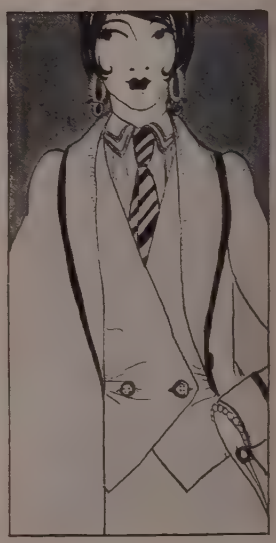
White

FRANKLIN SIMON OFFER A REVIVAL OF THE TAILORED SUIT

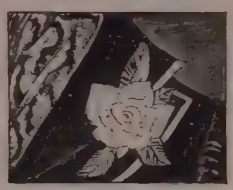
FEATURING DINARZADE IN ONE OF THEIR NEW MODELS

Wear your scarf-handkerchief depending from the pocket, like Dinarzade, or one short end round the neck and the rest cascading, as Mr. LeMaire invented for Mary Hay in *Mary Jane McCane.* This Franklin Simon scarf is of heavy crêpe printed in bright peasant colors, red and green predominating

One of the most interesting clothes features of the approaching spring is the preminence given to the tailored suit, which in its chic simplicity Dinarzade shows to perfection, along with the smart accessories of shirt blouse, gardenia, "clubby" umbrella, and colorful handkerchief



For piquancy when warmer winds blow and the coat may be left open, there are these doggy little vests of white linen, with a nipped-in waistline and two large pearl buttons. The shirt blouse, similar to the one worn above by Dinarzade, is of soft cotton voile with silk stripes in color



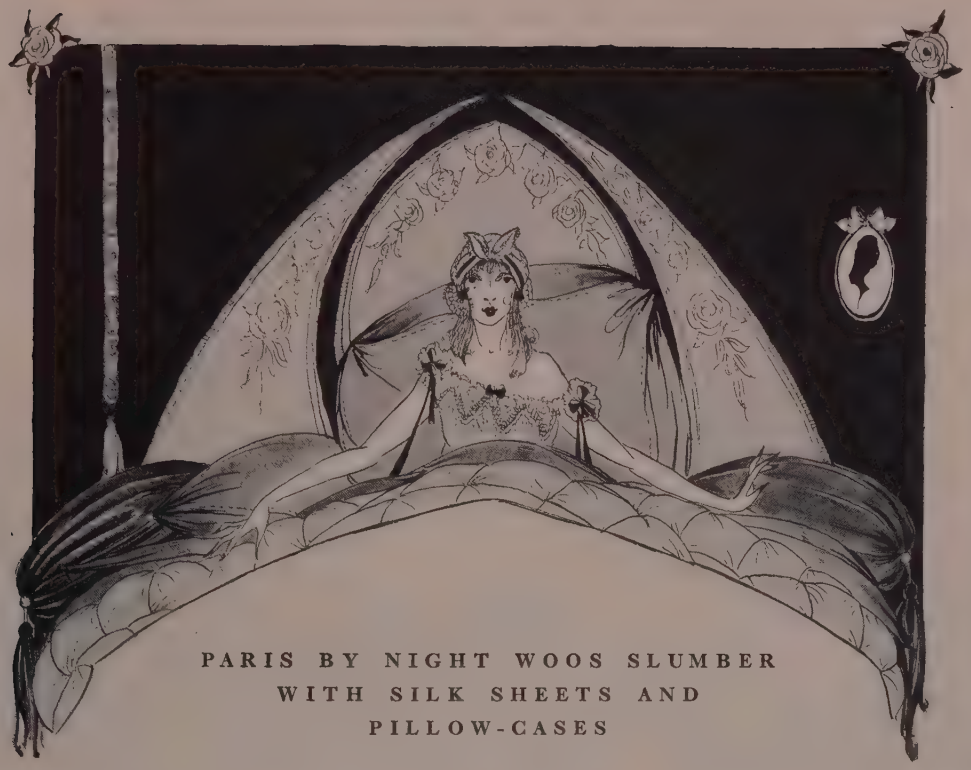
A gardenia in the buttonhole of a tailleur makes one think of Mme. Dora Stroeva of *The Music Box Review*

Gloves for the tailored suit are of grey mocha stitched in grey and white, with gauntlets lined with dark blue grosgrain

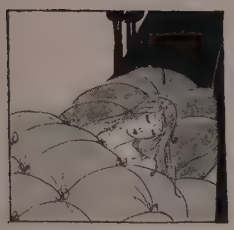
For prices of any of the articles mentioned on this page, with the exception of the hats, write Anne Archbald, Fashion Department, Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th Street, New York City

Some blouses go inside, but the preference of the moment seems to be for those that have the band outside. A blouse whose frills give it a more feminine air is of white crêpe with colored borders

Another blouse of the outside-the-skirt type has white crêpe for its material with black rickrack braid trimming, and the new collar that stands up and a little away from the neck and is fastened with a link



PARIS BY NIGHT WOOS SLUMBER WITH SILK SHEETS AND PILLOW-CASES



Mélisande, being blonde, follows the example of the beautiful Empress Eugénie, who, 'tis said, originated the idea of black satin sheets to contrast with her fairness

One French actress prides herself on her collection of silk sheets and pillow-cases, of every hue, which she insists are more practical than linen. They wear as long, they wash and iron more easily, *et enfin* how charming they look!

If you are a brunette, or a chataine, like Diane or Georgette, you will choose the lighter tones of rose or blue for your background

Hortense is rushing to the guest-room with a down "puff" that goes with everything, and several different shades of sheets to select from, as Madame shall order

A special washable silk for sheets and pillow-cases has just been put out in this country. For its name and price, write Anne Archbald, Fashion Department, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York City*

Pillows are small, squarish, and covered with sateen, and their silk pillow-cases are hemstitched. As they are as easy to wash and iron as lingerie Marie does them up right in the apartment

THE PROMENADE OF ANGELINA

She lunches with Tubby at Maillard's and discusses some recent stage love-making she has seen

—HAVEMAN-25

WHATEVER one's opinion of the season's plays there is no question but that they contain some of the most charming love scenes ever offered from the American stage. Tubby and I were talking about it the other Saturday noon at Maillard's, over the lobster paté which they serve there as nowhere else. Tubby was taking me after to The Ambassador to see *The Dancers*. . . .

"And I do hope Richard Bennett makes love as well as they say he does," I remarked. "I've seen such delightful love-making on the stage so far this year that I'd hate to be let down. Tom Powers in *Tarnish,* especially. . . ."

I looked up from my paté as I said this and there, of all people, was Tom Powers himself, just going out the door. The psychologists say these happenings aren't just coincidences, but the working of the sub-conscious mind! Anyway, Tommy saw us and came rushing over in his best manner. We complimented him on his appearance, the *chien* of his racoon coat and gay handkerchief scarf—"from Merrie England," as he said.

"Last week I saw *Tarnish,*" I said. "You were *wonderful!* Your love-making was perfectly delicious—so real—so human. I felt positively as if we shouldn't have been there watching in on you—it was so lifelike."

"Now, isn't that splendid of you, Angelina," beamed Tommy. "You couldn't have said anything that would have pleased me better, because, paradoxically, it's just what I'd like to make my audiences feel. One really ought to, you know," he added, earnestly, "if the scene is any good. I hope they agreed with you."

"They gave every evidence of doing so," I responded. "And I'm sure half of us were wishing we were up on the stage in Ann Harding's place."

And so in return for that I was told I was looking particularly fit "in my new indestructible pearls and all," and then Tommy had to run for his matinée. . . .

"They *are* nice pearls," remarked Tubby. "Where did you get them?"

"Never mind where," I said. "Ask me what they're called?"

"All right then, Mr. Bones," from Tubby. "What are they called?"

"Omar pearls," I answered. "Isn't that an intriguing name?"

"Sort of—with thee, my Omar pearls, 'beside me singing in the wilderness, Ah wilderness were Paradise enow' . . . Is that the idea?" suggested Tubby.

"I suppose so," I assented. "If pearls may be said to 'sing' . . ."

"Of course they may," said Tubby. "All my artist friends talk about 'color that fairly sings.' And surely the pearly white light on that string . . ."

I curved my much-admired Omars over my chin and bit the middle beads ruminatively—thinking of Fanny. Fanny was told by an attractive Englishman that she looked exactly like a second edition of the first Lady Curzon—I mean the one who was Mary Leiter, of Chicago, and who died—and that Lady Curzon had a fascinating trick of chewing her pearl strings when she was particularly absorbed in something someone was saying. And so, now, whenever Fanny wants to register intense absorption in a monologuing male she does likewise. . . . Tubby watched me reflectively as I did it, too. . . .

At Marion Davies' Cosmopolitan Ball, at the Astor, small bandanna handkerchiefs in bright colors were worn by several of the smart actresses to tie up their hair. Above are three different ways in which the bandannas may be twisted according to your type and your coiffure

"Also," he observed, "the pearls look as if they were going to be particularly indestructible."

" 'Let's go back to the last subject but one,' " I quoted. "I mean about the nice love-making I've been seeing the last few weeks. Not only nice but full of variety—done in the accents of several different countries. First there was that new leading man in Ethel Barrymore's *Royal Fandango,* for example, José Alexander—Argentine, wasn't he?—deliciously exotic. Then there was Gilbert Emory with Helen Gahagan in *Chains*—that was the English love-making. He always rings true, Emory, whatever he does, player or playwright! Tom Powers in *Tarnish* we've mentioned . . . he represents the American. Lastly there was Ulrich Haupt as Albert Edward, the Prince Consort, in *Queen Victoria,* who, whatever prejudice one may have against German, still was frightfully sweet with his Victoria Alexandrina—and his "Liebchens" and his "süsses Weibs" and his hand kissings.

"Do you know, Tubby, Fanny still persists in that dear old American superstition of thinking there is something wrong with a man who kisses your hand. She was telling me about a young Italian she met, who came to see her, and she was rather smitten with him till he left, when he kissed her hand at parting. 'And that finished him with me,' she said. Can you imagine! An artist—and one who's been around as much as she has."

"Tell Fanny not to be ridic.," said Tubby, dismissing her. "It's time to go . . ."

We were to find Fanny's superstition lurking in other feminine minds that afternoon, of which more in a minute. . . .

The Dancers was splendid and Richard Bennett didn't let one down a bit. He was perfectly adorable in his luncheon scene at the London Ritz with his *future épouse,* the lovely Florence Eldridge, assuming to talk French with the best of English accents. And a great surprise to us was Pat Somerset. We thought him just a handsome fashion plate sort of person. But he, too, had some charming love scenes which he played in a most human way. Of course the clothes of both men were the last word in what to wear, which for me always adds a touch to any love-making. A lover is no less a lover, don't you think, for having a tailor who fits him to perfection!

As to that superstition about hand kissing which extends also in certain strange American make-ups to any stage love-making that is at all natural and lifelike. . . . At the end of his little love scene, which had been full of humor and gaiety and altogether enchanting, Bennett is about to rush off to change into his bridegroom garments. And just as he does, he drops down on the floor before Miss Eldridge, kisses both her hands tensely . . . and then lightly her two knees . . . in quite the sweetest way. Whereat two females in the back of the house went into hysterics of emotional giggling. "We ought to revive the beadle for such people," says Tubby!

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STAGING A SPECTACULAR REVUE

(*Continued from page 22*)

very difficult to get the bulbs to resemble oranges under white lights and still retain the appearance when lighted from within. Once again we were forced to experiment with a chemical solution and again we were successful.

Many have asked why I employ so many elevators in staging the *Music Box Revue*. Critics have referred facetiously to our work along these lines as my particular contribution toward "elevating the drama." I appreciate the humor of the criticism, but consider this a good chance to enlighten my friends.

The use of numerous elevators in our revue was a solution of a very trying, practical problem. Aside from the effects gained in this way, a most utilitarian reason made it necessary. The *Music Box* stage is only twenty-seven feet from footlights to back wall, and there is no scene dock. In order to build up the stage and accommodate the great number of persons we use in many of our scenes, some device was necessary. We had no room for cumbersome platforms or numerous inclines, so I solved the problem by cutting up the stage and using elevators. We utilize these same elevators, incidentally for lowering properties, furniture and flowers to the lower level, which is our only storage room.

SUPPLY YOUR OWN SETTING

To save space and facilitate work back stage, we started what has become a fashion of playing sketches in front of curtains, leaving to our public's imagination the exact topography of the scene. I am sure it is successful, because it has been so widely copied.

The "Maid of Mesh" number in our 1923 production is surely worthy of comment. Inquiries have flooded us with regard to this spectacle. The public seems anxious to know whether the costumes worn by the girls and Miss Ivy Sawyer are actually made of mesh. They are. Gold and silver mesh. It requires three dressers to lift each dress worn by a girl. The girls are dressed on the stage as it would be impossible for them to stagger up or down stairs to and from dressing rooms under these burdens. But the costumes are so well made and carefully balanced that when they are worn, the girls do not feel their weight when walking across a level stage. These costumes are even heavier than the "Diamond Horseshoe" costumes in last year's revue.

I have been asked how I go about staging the revue. My way of procedure is to study first the lyric. The genius of Irving Berlin in writing lyrics lightens my task. His ideas are so practical from a staging viewpoint and so potentially beautiful, that I am able to elaborate facilely. The so-called art theatres of Europe have been credited broadly with having reached near perfection in stage lighting. I wish here to do a little flag waving and a bit of boosting for the progress of our native theatre, in every department of stage craft, lighting particularly.

OUR NATIONAL PREEMINENCE

It has been my good fortune to visit the European *régisseurs* back stage of the most important National, Art and Folk theatres of the continent. In the course of these visits I became as intimately acquainted with their various systems of lighting as a close observer, impelled by whole-hearted interest, could become. Europe may or may not have been first in recognizing the efficacy of reflected lighting. The Fortuny system of lighting, pouring light through strips of silk was, I think, the forerunner of the now general use of reflected lighting. We credit Europe for that, but to my mind the statement that American producers must bow to the alleged miracle workers of the European stage is ridiculous. We have tied Europe, at least, in progressive experimentation with lights, and it is quite logical to believe that we lead them securely in equipment. I wish to state my opinion, that no theatre in the country, and I am not excepting the Metropolitan Opera House, has the lighting facilities we have in the *Music Box*. Consider the trap, called the scroto. This is made of wood, and wound up, similar somewhat to an escalator, except that it is on wheels and can automatically open and shut. Under the stage we have a special lamp which was made with glass reflectors, and no matter where the girls stand on the stage back of the trap, we can always illuminate them by means of these under-stage reflectors. Of course all this entails tremendous work and expense when the show goes on the road, as we have a double set of traps and send a crew ahead to cut the stage for the traps. When the *Music Box* is played in London or San Francisco, the effects are identically those of a New York showing.

And although "elevating the drama" and doing other things in this manner is a most expensive proposition, results seem to indicate that we have been warranted in doing them that way.

To sum up, my contention is that the most important attribute to the still-life in any production is the lighting. I don't care how beautiful the scenery, costumes and effects are, they can be made or marred by it.

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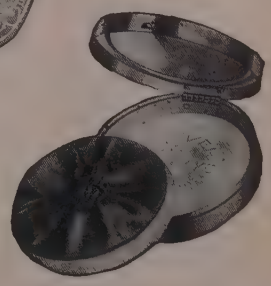

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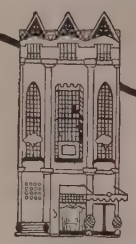

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TARNISH

(*Continued from page* 28)

CARR (*about to beat her head against the wall*): You beast—you little beast—you dirty little beast—— (*For a long moment he holds her there—Nettie hypnotized by fear. Suddenly he lets her go—pushes her away—and begins to laugh.*) O my God! O my God! O my God! "Good luck—have thou—with thine honour!" *O Christ—stop that music!* (*All at once he breaks down and drops into a chair by the table, buries his head among the remains of the supper and sobs his heart out. Nettie stares at him in distress—amazement—pity——*)

ACT III. Same setting as Act I. The same evening, after eleven. Tishy in a state of moral, mental, and physical collapse, after her disastrous visit to Nettie Dark, opens a window to let the cold air in on her face, but hastily shuts it again—the sounds of the New Year's merrymaking, already beginning, strike her like a blow. She throws herself down on the sofa, burying her face in the cushions. Mrs. Tevis emerges from her bedroom, in her nightdress and wrapper.

MRS. TEVIS: Is that you? What are you doing there? What time is it? (*Tishy does not answer.*) How long have I been asleep? (*No answer.*) Darling Tishy, how can you treat your own mother like this! Are you ill? O my God! What's been happening? Where is your father? *Adolph?* Where is he? *Adolph?*

TISHY (*looking up*): Why don't you go back to bed?

MRS. TEVIS: *Bed?* At a time like this? Where is he? Adolph! (*There is a sound of groaning beyond the dining-room door—which is open.*) *Hark! What's that?* (*She runs out to the kitchen.*) Adolph! Adolph! Tishy! Tishy! *He's trying to kill himself! Tishy!*

TISHY (*At the end of her rope*): Oh! Hasn't he done enough for one day? (*Goes into the dining-room.*)

MRS. TEVIS: Adolph! Put that knife down! Give it to me! Give it to me, you wretched man!

TEVIS: Go way—let me end it—— No, no—I want to end it—then you'll be happy—— I *will* do it—I *will* do it.

TISHY: Father! Give me that knife! Give it to me! Shut that window! Stop this—stop it at once. Mother, let him alone! He wont do it. Mother, no! You *mustn't faint—you mustn't!* (*Tishy re-enters half carrying, half dragging her mother.*)

MRS. TEVIS (*moaning*): He had the bread-knife—at his throat. O your poor father! The bread knife—its so dull you can't cut anything with it—and I tried to snatch it—— Don't leave him alone—don't leave him alone—your poor father!

Tishy assures her mother "he won't do it—it's only to get sympathy." She manages to calm her down, and after giving her a sleeping powder, gets her into her room. Tevis enters furtively, from the dining-room, like a whipped dog, his eye nervously on the bedroom door. Tishy comes back, gives him a hopeless glance, and begins putting out the lights for the night. Tevis begins to weep, and asks Tishy if she has really been to ask Nettie for the money. She tells him "Yes, I went. You were right. It was too late. The money was gone."

TEVIS: Don't tell your mother. You haven't told her, have you?

TISHY: No—no—— I won't tell her.

TEVIS: You've been good to me—always—but she—I've always been afraid of her. I wasn't her sort. She was a glacier, that woman! O, why didn't she let me *go*—let me *go?*

TISHY (*goaded to retort*): Why didn't you go? Even after you'd stopped loving her, you stayed. You were a coward, weren't you? You've always been a coward. . . . What have you *done* to me—— Ever since I was a child I've had the shame of these dreadful things around me—— Scandals with women, talked of and whispered about, before me, by the servants—— Then the money gone, the house gone, our friends gone—gone! And those ghastly, ghastly years—wandering penniless about Europe with terrible déclassés men and women. You know what our life was there—what yours was. (*Less violently.*) Perhaps there's something wrong with *me.* Everything I touch seems pitch. O, isn't there *anything* clean, *anywhere?* Perhaps it's the way you're born—perhaps you can't help it, being decent or being rotten—I don't know. All I know is that I'm sick—sick—sick of this horrible life I'm living! (*Tevis bursts into tears again.*) O, don't cry. It's too late for that. I've borne things and borne things and borne things, but—but—I can't bear much more. (*She chokes back her tears.*)

For once Tevis is silent and ashamed, genuinely affected by what Tishy has just said to him, he gestures for her to leave him alone. . . . "Well, we'll just have to begin again, Daddy. Go on, somehow—that's all," says Tishy as she goes. The doorbell rings, and Tevis goes into the hall and finds Mrs. Stutts at the door, carrying in her hand a bottle of port wine, which she presents to Tevis. She comes in, and is chatting to Tevis, when the bell rings again—— This time Tevis is confronted by Carr and Nettie Dark, and is aghast at the sight of Nettie. Carr demands to see Tishy at once, but Tevis refuses to call her—— Carr finds out from Mrs. Stutts that she had given Tishy Nettie Dark's address, having seen Tevis with her earlier in the day. . . .

CARR (*to Nettie*): Why was Miss Tevis at your house tonight? What

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THE WANTON ON THE STAGE

(*Continued from page* 10)

whose acquaintance we made at the Belasco Theatre, she had virtues. Nobody was harmed by the stage evocations of such characters, thanks, not to any propriety of their own, but to the art and intelligent tact of the men who had dramatized them.

The late Henri Battaille once wrote a fine, though imperfect drama, round La Vallière. Mr. George C. Tyler had intended to produce it in New York, but, for reasons which, I have no doubt, were good, gave up his plan. The most tender, gracious and moving of Louis the Fourteenth's many mistresses would, in the Battaille play (which I have read) have seemed vastly pathetic, but in no way perilous to the most puritan.

And *Salome?* Well, *Salome,* as we should remember, was the work of a degenerate—a man of gifts, poetic and literary, but a degenerate. Frankly, I am of opinion that Wilde's portrayal of the daughter of Herodias has hurt many souls, though none which were not already at least half-perverted. In Wilde's defence, too, we should not forget that Salome's wickedness upset even Herod. Few who frequent the Broadway playhouses can be worse than Herod, whom Salome horrified. Yet they seem far more tolerant.

Nor can I, to continue my confession, approve *Zaza* as a stage character. Here was a wanton, of a common kind, without one saving feature in her vulgar nature. A trivial creature, with a nasty temper; a trap for any man who "had the price." There are lots of Zazas in French garrison towns and the Paris faubourgs. And they have patrons. But, while they may be picturesque and diverting enough, if not exactly edifying, as studies for a novelist, on the boards they are objectionable. The world is full of light ladies and lost ladies more suited to the purposes of dramatists than *Zaza.* Handled skilfully, either humorously or tragically, they need never be less popular than in the past. It is not the theme—the subject—but the treatment that makes the gulf in drama dividing morality from its opposite.

What would the French stage be without its countless wantons? What would our own stage be if all the characters in our plays were virtuous? We should draw the line, though, somewhere above such atrocities as *The God of Vengeance.* And only artistry, of unusual merit, either in the writers or the interpreters (or in both) of such works as *Rain* should allow them to be tolerated.

TARNISH

(*Continued from page* 50)

is it between you and *him* that brought her there? Out with it! And God help you if you lie again tonight.

NETTIE (*blazing*): O rats, I'm sick of this! What right have you got, all of you, sticking your noses in my business? I was hard up—just because I was trying to keep straight —— And he come round today—with his pockets full of it—and I hadn't a cent, and it was New Year's —and he offered it to me. (*Choking back a sob.*) (*To Tevis*): You know you did, and—— Why shouldn't any girl take what she can get from rotten old things like him? 'Tisn't *us*; it's him and *his* kind that makes all the trouble.

MRS. STUTTS: There you are, Mr. Carr! You've hear her—you've——

CARR: Go home—at once, Mrs. Stutts! Go home. . . . (*Carr shuts the door on her and turns back to Nettie.*) So you're that, too, eh? A common grafter. She came to you to get back the money you took from her father. Well, you've got to give it back!

(*The door opens and Tishy stands there, pale and quivering.*)

TISHY (*trembling with anger, but keeping her voice in control*): Mr. Carr! What do you mean by this?

CARR: Tishy! I've found out about this thing at last. I'm going to settle it.

TISHY: Father? What is all this? (*To Carr.*) What are you doing here —with *her?*

Mrs. Tevis is heard calling "Adolph," and Tevis stumbles into his bedroom. Carr forces Nettie to tell Tishy that she lied, "about why he was there." Nettie goes off slamming the door. Once more Carr declares his love, and begs Tishy's forgiveness. "*Trust* me—Tishy! If you doubt love, you'll doubt everything." But Tishy has had her faith badly shaken tonight, and her agony only increases with each word he utters. "You'd—better go." As he wanders hopelessly towards the door, the sirens, whistles and bells begin tumultuously to hail the New Year. . . . Left alone, Tishy stifles down her sobs on the verge of a violent *crise de nerfs.* . . . Mrs. Healy enters she is in her hat and coat. . . . The tears come at last, and Tishy sobs out her misery on Lizzie Healy's breast.

TISHY (*as the clamor outside goes on*): O Lizzie, won't they stop—won't they stop? What are they glad for? What is anyone glad for?

MRS. HEALY: They're glad because they're beginning again. . . . They don't know what's going to happen. . . . They're *hoping,* that's all. . . . Miss Tishy, love, there's a lad on the stairs out there, I think his poor little heart is breaking. . . . (*She moves softly out of the room and admits Carr.* . . .) (*Curtain*)

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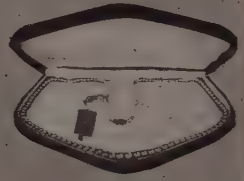

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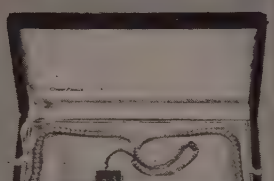

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THE TICKET SPECULATOR MUST GO

(*Continued from page 9*)

would have been in working order by September 15th, the whole plan was torpedoed by a small group.

Why? Because immense bonuses are being paid by the ticket speculators of New York, bonuses which run up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. And for these perquisites certain of them are being allowed to swindle the people of New York. They have no one's interest but their own at heart. They are utterly callous and cold-blooded where the public is concerned.

Right here I want to say that the principal ticket agencies of the city are conducted decently, by upright, reputable men. The business as conducted by McBride's and Tyson's, Bascom and others is as legitimate as that of any bank.

DISGUSTING THE PUBLIC

THE men who conduct these agencies have been in business for many years. And it took them many years of fair, square dealing to build up the business that they have. Far be it from me to attempt to drive them out. But it's the chap who gets a ticket for $2.50 and sells it for $10.00 that I'm after. He sells that ticket in defiance of the law, and he fails to pay on it the tax required by the United States Government. I am not hot on his trail solely because of this illegitimate transaction, but because he is also greatly harming the theatres of New York through his practices. He has already succeeded in disgusting a large portion of people who, but for his miserliness and lack of honesty, would be attending the theatres today. Instead of that, they are sitting home, playing bridge, whist or listening to radio programs.

There is one American characteristic strongly developed in every man or woman here, and that is a disinclination to be considered a sucker. A man would rather lose $1,000 legitimately than be swindled out of a single dollar. But these men against whom I have made charges—these profiteers in tickets—who control vast amounts of real estate, lack the foresight to see what will be the logical result of their machinations. They have been wallowing in prosperity since 1914, and they don't realize that the pendulum will ultimately swing backward. When it does, many honest theatrical managers are going to suffer, and all because of the lack of foresight of that small group who are now swindling the public, reaping a harvest of ill-gotten gains.

Take the concrete instance of the Army and Navy football game in New York. That big sporting event probably brought a million people here. The hotels were crowded, taxis were in great demand, and so were theatre tickets. But what happened? The boys from West Point and Annapolis were charged three or four times more for theatre seats than they ordinarily cost. The result? No more Army-Navy game in New York city. The games hereafter will be held in Philadelphia or a stadium will be built for them in Washington. This case is cited by every city in the country in its effort to get the Democratic National Convention held anywhere but in New York. New York will certainly lose this great convention—as a direct result of the ticket gouging at the Army-Navy game.

THE STATUTE UNENFORCED

THIS ticket speculation matter is not only one for the theatre managers and writers of New York to take up, but the citizens and authorities of the city should interest themselves in the problem, for it is theirs also. The iniquitous practice reflects on the city, the citizens, the authorities, and injures irreparably, business and our general reputation throughout the country. There is a law in the Penal Code that warrants the arrest of any of these speculators, but this administration and all past administrations have failed to enforce that statute. So New York continues to suffer for it. And the people in New York suffer. And a great business in New York is endangered because of the idiocy of a few persons who grasp a few dollars at the moment, forgetting utterly the future.

The time will come to pay in still greater measure for the actions of speculators and producers who countenance their practices, even profiting by them, for history teaches us that prosperity cannot last forever. Depression is bound to come. When it does, the people controlling the theatres in New York will realize that New York is over-seated—that there are too many places of entertainment under normal conditions. These are abnormal times. When the day of reckoning comes, the pity of it is that honest managers will suffer along with those who lacked the foresight to see the "writing on the wall."

NOT MISS PHYLLIS POVAH

THEATRE MAGAZINE wishes to correct an unfortunate and inexcusable error which occurred in the preparation of "The Vanity Box" for December, wherein the name of Miss Phyllis Povah, of the Theatre Guild, was attached to an interview which she, herself, did not give. Another young actress very graciously granted the interview which was attributed to Miss Povah. We offer, herewith, our deepest apologies to both artistes, and sincerely regret any embarrassment this error may have caused them.

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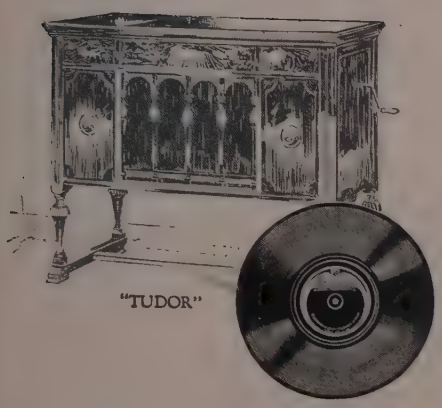

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MUSIC

(*Continued from page* 34)

gets on top. It all depends whether the star be a Caruso or a Chaliapin. The great thing is that there be a star, for starless opera is a tedious affair. It has been said that Signor Gatti-Casazza wishes to eliminate the star. I don't believe it—for when he finds a star he engages him, even if it costs him four thousand dollars a night. He realizes that opera is primarily a show, and that a show requires a public, and that in the long run a public demands a star whether it be in politics, religion, or opera. Men's hearts are touched, not by machines, but by personalities, and opera has been the story of the success of personalities.

So let us be thankful for Fedor Chaliapin, even though he stops the orchestra when he wishes to make an effect, and plays ring around rosy with the traditions of the Paris Opera. This latter institution is now the dullest theatre in Europe, precisely because there are not a half dozen Chaliapins on its roster—to sweep the cobwebs from its traditions and then smash these traditions one by one. One such performance as Chaliapin's Faust atones for a dozen *L'Amico Fritzes*. A magnificent orchestra and chorus, and superb scenery will not keep the Metropolitan in its place as the world's chief opera house, if the chief singers are but mediocrities, however amiable and sincere. An opera house thrives on excitement. When between acts the lobbies buzz, and incipient duels are everywhere, an impresario has the right to be happy—and only then. Mr. Chaliapin, like Caruso before him, and De Reszke before him, has caused this buzzing in the lobbies. While this buzzing continues, Signor Gatti-Casazza may well continue to smile; when the buzzing subsides it will be time for him to look for another star, even if he has to pay him five thousand a night.

VAUDEVILLE

(*Continued from page* 36)

chewing up an iron chain and spitting out the links as souvenirs for the ladies.

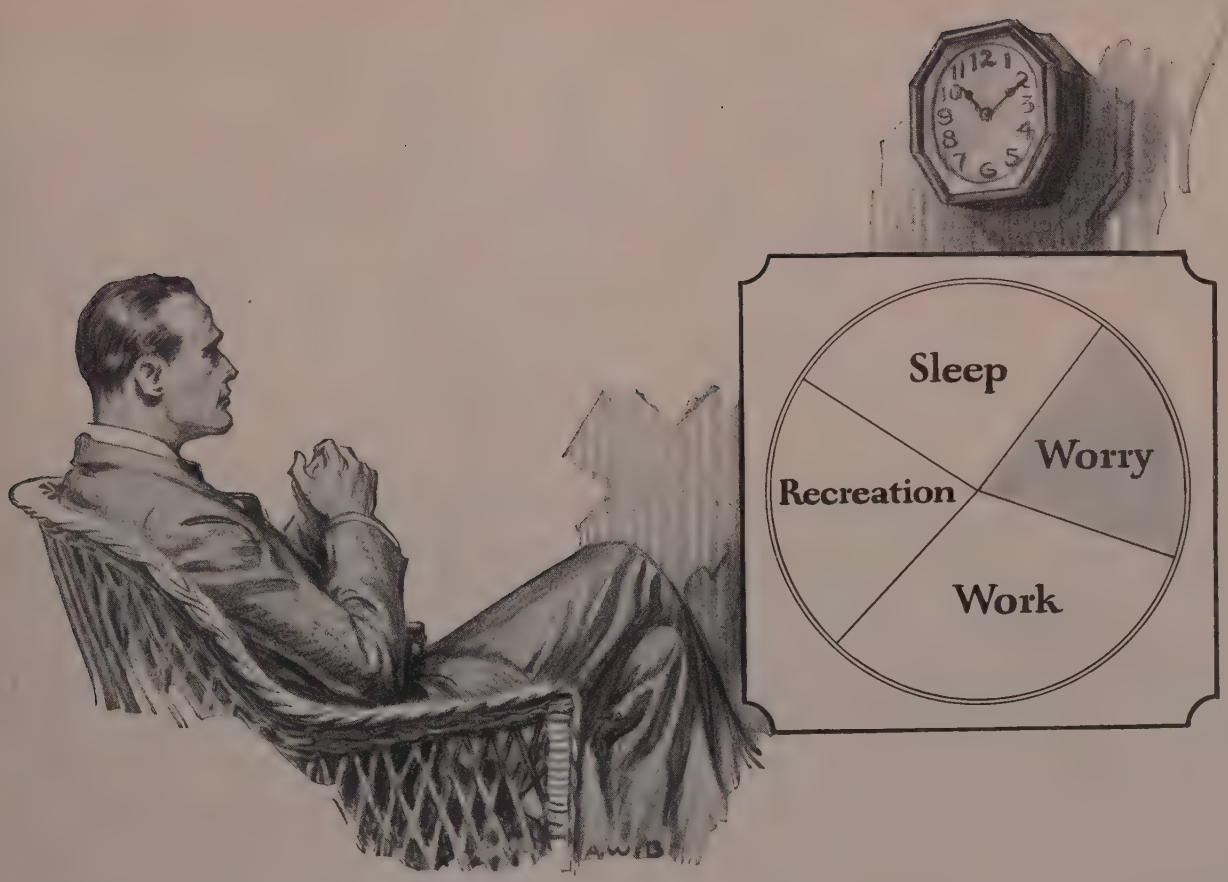
Madame Calliope Charissi, with ten children all dedicated to the classic dance, was another turn designed to inaugurate the Hippodrome as a temple of refined vaudeville. The exhibition was curious from the scientific as well as the artistic standpoint. These Greeks are as like as so many peas. Only the mother possesses marked individuality. They follow and support her in the conventional Invocations to Spring, and such poetic gestures, rising to artistic distinction in only one number, "Vision of the Heroes," a dance impressive and magnificent, with Mamma Charissi waving a gore-splashed sheet in transfigured frenzy.

These novelties were supplemented by the usual rubber-stamp products of the native vaudeville, among them one of the loudest and worst jazz bands which ever attacked the human nerves, and the two young Diamonds, little boys whose winning grins and expert dancing was the richest note of the show.

In modernizing the monster playhouse, Mr. Albee has centered his entertainment in the cellar, where a sweet and pungent young camel at the foot of the stairs dissipates any false hopes. He may be recognized as the same Oriental beauty who appeared with such distinction in the act of the Singer Midgets. This little troupe has colonized the erstwhile subterranean domain of the Hippodrome elephants and set up all kinds of pigmy shop-keeping to the great glee of the boys and girls who battle bravely to hold their own against the hordes of adults, like clumsy Gullivers, invading the empire of the Half-portions. The Singer miniature fire department, on the vigilant watch for any vaudeville false-alarms, was active at the opening of the Hippodrome, which persists, nevertheless, in its old habit of packed houses.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

In its original form Tschaikowsky's barcarole *"June"* is perfectly familiar. In the capable hands of Erika Morini as a violin number it acquires new charm, its graceful minor strains breaking into double-stops, an occasional cadenza, and a silvery harmonic. For an adequate companion piece she plays Toselli's lyric *"Serenade"* on the other side. *"Entr'acte"* (Gavotte) and *"In the Mill"* (Au Moulin) by Gillet afford charming material for the bowed strings of Victor String Orchestra. The gavotte is as delicate as the pirouetting of a toe-dancer. The second number is equally suggestive of its subject. This is exquisite music.



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 19)

hurling such a moron mate out of the seventeenth story window.

Mr. Ditrichstein could not fail completely in any part, but his most ardent admirer will concede that this actor, excelling as he does in rôles calling for super-sophistication and the suave, polished Continental manner, is quite miscast as the typical hard-headed, blunt American business man.

Gaby Fleury, as the cast-off French fiancée of the Greek wife-snatcher, is vivacious and piquant during her few minutes in the first act, but her interest in her own rôle reaches a low ebb in the last, when she might have made the most of a fairly dramatic moment —the occasion when she walks in on her lover as he is eloping with another man's wife.

One Kiss

Comedy in two acts by Y. Mirande and A. Willemetz. Music by Maurice Yvain. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Fulton Theatre on November 27, with this cast:

Marguerite, Jane Carroll; Margot, Alden Gay; Meg, Dagmar Oakland; Meregrette, Pauline Hall; Madame Doremi, Ada Lewis; Eva, Louise Groody; General Pas-de-vis, John E. Hazzard; Bastien, Oscar Shaw; Jean, John Price Jones; Mme. De Peyster, Josephine Whittell; Georges, Fred Lennox; Riquette, Patrice Clark; Bebe, Janet Stone; Babette, Elaine Palmer; Berte, Irma Irving; Beatrix, Gertrude McDonald.

ANY one who created a musical comedy with a coherent plot, a good score and genuine comedy, would be looked upon as an iconoclast. It just isn't done, that's all. And any optimist who expects this combination in *One Kiss* (born *Ta Bouche*) will be disappointed. Clare Kummer's version of the French original, contains several enchanting melodies, but its plot is negligible, its comedy infinitesimal. And those atoms of comedy which it does possess are squeezed out forcibly like tooth paste from a tube, oozing out once in a while with a forced spurt.

Some of the so-called comedy lines may sound all right in French, but in English they are astoundingly crude. Take, for instance, the time Ada Lewis transposes two simple words, and stresses one so that it makes the audience gasp a bit. "Take your Bastien son," she calls out loudly and angrily to a sporty French father, who, just a few moments before, when his son says something which impresses him that he is not exactly a "chip of the old block," remarked: "Sometimes I think your Mother wasn't as fond of me as she pretended," or something to that effect. The innuendo left little to the imagination.

It remains for Oscar Shaw, personable, magnetic, and with a fine sense of the ludicrous, to furnish all of the clean comedy, most of the singing, and a good deal of the dancing. The best bit of all was his inimitable impersonation of a French music hall singer, singing a French ballad with much Latin fervor and many amusing gestures.

Louise Groody dances as daintily and gracefully as ever, and four winsome ponies twirl their ruffled skirts about joyously through their dance numbers. Four stately show girls lend a dignified background, and Ada Lewis and John E. Hazzard struggle along with their anæmic comedy lines, making the best of threadbare portions.

EVA LE GALLIENNE—A CEREBRAL ACTRESS

(*Continued from page* 20)

better part." Better parts ensued with Miss Barrymore in *The Off Chance* and *Belinda*. She danced with Elsie Janis in a revue while waiting for *Tillie of Bloomsbury*.

Finally, her performance of the friendless little seamstress in *Not So Long Ago*, established her with critics and theatre goers. She knew the luxury of a "long run." Then *Liliom* with her favorite part of Julie. Now the name rôle of *The Swan*.

She is not sure of the greatest influence in her life as an actress. It may be her granduncle Veihe, the Edwin Booth of Copenhagen, a great Hamlet. It may have been her poet father, who vanished from their household when she was four years old, and whom she has seen since but four times. "I called on him at his studio in University Place. I remember climbing the front steps and ringing the doorbell. We had a wonderful talk. It lasted for four hours. His advice to me was: 'Be simple,' and 'Be true, be true to truth.'" It is possible that the greatest influence is herself. "I have always been sulky and stubborn," she said. "But I have found I needed the stubbornness." Which brings us back where we began, to the jutting brow.

When I left her she stood beside the big, flat-topped desk, her fingers on the book with the faded cover, her gray eyes regarding the Bible.

"It has helped me," she repeated. "It brings gentleness to the world. The world needs more kindness."

Which may have sprung from the sovereign mind, or from the heart which she insists she possesses, and which everyone must have to preserve that fine balance which is a successful life.

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BY ANNE ARCHBALD

GILDA GRAY, who is out on tour with the Ziegfeld Follies, ran into town last month for a Sunday. The Follies had been in Boston for an engagement and then gone to Philadelphia. And Miss Gray felt that a chance for her to slip over to New York for the week-end, to which effect she wrote us a few days before, and asked would we lunch with her at The Piccadilly, which we were nothing loth to do.

It certainly was nice, when we went into The Piccadilly, to see Miss Gray sitting in her accustomed corner where she used always to dine on matinée days last season, and she greeted us with her well-remembered gay cordiality. Never had we seen the lady looking more entrancing . . wearing a marvellous frock of flowered rose-colored velvet, with a fold of violet round the bottom of the skirt. On her yellow bob was a toque of violet velvet to match, which made a ravishing contrast with the pallor of her lovely complexion and the intense scarlet of her mouth.

"It's nice to have you back, if only for a day," we said.

"It's nice to be back, if only for a day," echoed Miss Gray. "I'm having a wonderful success on the road and enjoying it of course, but I do miss New York. I felt I 'must come over' if but for a few hours . . My only regret is that it had to be Sunday so that I couldn't go shopping . . Still I've picked up several amusing things outside . . "

Miss Gray began searching in a smart black moire bag, monogrammed with small diamonds. She pulled out several articles before she found what she wanted—a tiny hand-carved sandalwood fan. It was a duck! But my attention had been distracted from it by a little violet linen handkerchief, which had come first from the bag. No so much for the handkerchief itself, as for the glorious whiff of perfume that came with it. We knew it must be something real as Miss Gray is an expert in choosing and using perfume. Never shall we forget, for instance, the delicious exotic breaths of perfume which surrounded her like a cloud and wafted towards one as she danced past the table in those after-the-theatre appearances at The Rendezvous.

"Ah, that's what we've been smelling all this time," we exclaimed. "Marvellous! Like flowers! What is it?"

"That?" said Miss Gray. "It *is* delicious, isn't it? A friend of mine, who knows how I love perfume, sent it to me for Christmas . . As a rule I like to choose my own perfumes, but this was such a clever selection I've been using it a large part of the time, and everyone seems to be frightfully keen about it. For the present it's the favorite of my perfume harem . . I know you agree with me that one should line up perfume as one does jewelry, as accessories to different frocks. French women have done it for some time, and more and more American women are following the fashion.

"You should have seen what a cunning box of dull black and gold the perfume came in . . and inside, the bottle was of clear amber in a triangular shape, etched with a flower design, and topped with a brilliant black stopper. You can only find the perfume, I believe, at one beauty establishment in town where certain exclusive society women go, and it was brought from Paris for their special use."

"Since you've told about the perfume, won't you tell, too, the secret of your scarlet mouth," we asked Miss Gray. "We notice the color has hardly diminished a bit and it's way the end of lunch."

So not only did Miss Gray impart that secret as well, but presented us with a lipstick for our own, about which we are wild with enthusiasm. It is a most ardent and delectable red, and of quite the most wonderful persistency and stick-to-it-iveness.

(For the name of the perfume and lipstick used by Miss Gray and where they may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York City.)

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THE FOREIGN MENACE TO OUR MATINEE IDOLS

(*Continued from page* 24)

unstinted applause. This première marked the first appearance on an English-speaking stage of Ulrich Haupt. In the rôle of Prince Albert, he demonstrated a histrionic talent which aroused great interest. But although the critics one and all, proclaimed him as a find the next morning—no one mentioned the importance from a political, as well as a theatrical point of view, of his appearance. Haupt is the first German since the war to appear on the American stage in the rôle of a German who speaks his native tongue—who sings a native love-song, and who is the hero of the play—and who wins the heart of his audience. The reception he received in acknowledgment of his work amounted to an ovation. He has made theatre history, not only here but in his own country as well.

AN ACTOR DIRECTOR

FOR the past five years he had managed his own theatre in Potsdam known as the *Vaterländische Schauspiele,* where his work as a director and actor achieved for him the reputation as the power behind the throne of one of the foremost art theatres in Germany. The plays were largely classics of German history, and it was the presentation of a play founded on a character of early national importance which brought about the ending of his German work. The Bolshevists, taking offence at the play, burned the theatre to the ground during one of the performances, and Haupt was dragged through the streets of the town until morning when he was left as dead. He awoke to find himself in a hospital. Outside his window were the citizens of the town and hundreds of sympathetic students who had gathered to enable him to escape.

He came to America which had once before been the land of his success, as for several years he had managed and directed the famous German Theatre in Chicago.

He is small of stature and not unlike a college professor in appearance. He had studied theology up until the age of eighteen and had decided that the only refuge from this terrible world for a philosopher and student of Schopenhauer and Kant was to enter the church. Suddenly, the world changed for him, and he decided to become an actor. He has been on the stage ever since. His favorite country for working is Russia. He considers Petrograd the finest city in the world—and the whole country—the most beautiful of all lands.

A young Italian, Memo Benassi, for the past three years has played leading rôles in Italy, London and America opposite the immortal Duse. He is at present on tour with her, and has received universal recognition as an actor of great talent.

Memo Benassi is twenty-seven years old. His hair has streaks of grey—his heavy eyebrows are distinguished in the same manner, and despite the youthfulness of his features, he is much older in appearance than his years.

He looks like an Italian Richard Barthelmess. He is of the same stocky mould—his features resemble Dick's in their classic outline—and the large, dark, dream-filled Italian eyes are very like those of our American star.

A WORSHIPPER OF DUSE

HE has all the fire and tempestuous temperament of young Italy in his blood. He waves his arms about, depending upon gesticulation for the greater part of personal expression. He stood with me behind the curtain on the empty stage of the Century and chatted in French. He doesn't speak English, but it is one of his ideals to be able to play before an English-speaking audience in their own tongue.

His voice is rich in note, beautiful. He told me that he loved America—it is so free, so boundless in opportunity, but that despite the having received several flattering offers from American managers for both the legitimate and cinema fields, he would not consider leaving Duse for a moment. He is under contract to her, and his regard for the famous tragedienne's genius is not short of worship. He was in the midst of relating his wonder at the repression of the English actor as opposed to the gesticulative manner of the Latin, when he caught sight of the frail figure of Duse coming out of her dressing-room on her way home. This was her final matinée in New York and the ovation, the flowers, the huzzas she had received from a frenzied mob of admirers, had moved her to tears. She was overcome with emotion, and as she passed me so closely that her plain, almost dowdy coat brushed my arm, I caught the spirit of Benassi's worship.

Benassi was born in Parma where he lived until he went on the stage about six years ago. He is Italy's most popular young leading man, and has appeared in many film productions over there as well as on the stage. He is an accomplished musician, having given several concerts in his own country. He expects to return to America some day after his contract with Duse is finished—and looks forward with great interest to the time when he will be able to appear before an American audience in an American play—and speaking English—which he is at present attempting to learn.

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T-2-24

Mrs. Fiske's Tribute to her Mentor

America's Duse discusses the Influence which Moulded her Career

By ADA PATTERSON

ON an afternoon before she began her tour in *Mary, Mary Quite Contrary* the American Duse talked. A little and that thoughtfully, advisedly, as is her way. It was in the green room of the Belasco Theatre. It was not an interview. That she made plain beyond mistake. She dislikes that feature of a dramatic artist's life. Dislike is an euphemism. She called it a "little chat."

Mrs. Fiske, shrinking and subtle as Duse, though she plays eight performances a week, talked of genius. Or, rather, she decried it. It is something easily dispersed and diffused, according to her view. In an orchestra of one hundred musicians one wrong note will throw the other ninety-nine players out of balance. Genius needs, and talent requires, a mentor. "'A mentor' is the most important support in one's work. Such a mentor as I have had in Mr. Fiske. Without him I would have been obliterated," she affirmed.

AN IMPROMPTU DEBUT

Warning against the use of "mes" and "mys" and "Is," she sat with her Titian head alert, her chin uptilted, against a background of old theatre prints in the unique green room adjoining the star's dressing-room at the Belasco Theatre. She recalled the gypsying childhood, not unlike Duse's, though her conveyances from theatre to theatre were crude railway cars while Duse's were wagons. She had played anything, everything, she said, in that gypsy period. Played it anywhere. It did not greatly matter to her. She was looking with eager interest upon the drama of life unfolded in the theatre and out of it. Her first appearance had been made in a New Orleans theatre, according to the family records. She was two years old. Awaking and finding herself alone in the dressing-room, she had toddled forth in her impeding nightgown and followed the sound of her mother's voice. The way led to the stage. She moved in the erratic way made necessary by the long whiteness of her baby gown, but arrived at Elizabeth Maddern's side. That was Minnie Maddern Fiske's first appearance on any stage. Ever since she can remember she was on the stage, save for the five years that followed her marriage. She was playing at the old Lyceum Theatre in *In Spite of All*. Behind the scenes came Steele Mackaye, the genius manager of the theatre that made dramatic history. With him came a young blond man, with an amiable smile. "This is the Boy Editor," said Manager Mackaye. Harrison Grey Fiske owned the *New York Dramatic Mirror*. He was directing its destinies and writing many of its columns.

The young editor and the younger actress discovered that they were neighbors. He lived at Mamaroneck. She at Larchmont. Their families met and became friends. After five years occurred that which Mr. Mackaye, with trained foresight, may have seen, their marriage.

NO LONGER MINNIE MADDERN

Minnie Maddern's individuality seemed to have been submerged in that of Mrs. Fiske. She and her editor husband lived uptown at that time in a little house on Seventy-first Street. The bride was willing to forget the stage. She enjoyed the life domestic. The trains and the theatre did not call her. Might never have called her indeed had she not been drafted for certain benefits. Then came about, by natural steps, the return to the stage. No, it was not in her towering success, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. It was in *The Queen of Liars*. Since she has played from tent to throne. For, in a certain troublous part of her career, two stage camps were so bitterly divided, that if her tours led her into hotly contested territory, she did give her performances in tents. The throne represents her long-maintained status in the theatre of America.

Throughout her career, Mr. Fiske has amiably directed without seeming to direct, she told her callers.

"Mr. Fiske turned my eyes away from ordinary parts. When we married I was a soubrettish young person who had played a great many parts without much seriousness. He led me to characterize unusual women, great women. Since my bent was away from Shakespeare he led me to Daudet and Ibsen.

"He placed his culture at my disposal. His taste was an unerring guide. He taught me the value of what, before, I would have considered trifles. I learned from him the value of detail in the theatre."

INDIRECT DIRECTION

The five years of retirement from the stage had been one of the most valuable contributions to her stage art. Before, she said, she had always been doing something. Now she had time to think. One must have time to let the spirit grow. Spirituality develops with distance from the stage. Having developed it an actress, who has for the time retired, may bring it to the stage with immeasurably increased power.

"My husband is the only director I have ever had," she said, "except, perhaps, my mother. Both directed me so subtly that I did not realize that I was being directed. Both of them taught me indirectly.

"The most important factor in a career is a mentor. A director is the fixed quantity. He is the watcher and there must always be a watcher."

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Heard on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 39)

observed a little girl of six or seven, all alone and wandering up and down, crying as if her heart would break. "She is lost, probably," said Richman, and the two well-known writers went to the child to question and, if possible, aid her. First Richman tried to learn the trouble by addressing the youngster in German. She shook her head non-comprehendingly. Wells followed by interrogations in French and a halting Polish. Still the kiddie didn't understand. Richman collected some guide-book Italian and spouted a few syllables of that at the child. Still she shook her head and sobbed louder. "I give up," said Wells, "what *do* you suppose she speaks?" The child's tears abated. Happily she looked up at them. "I want my mummy!" she exclaimed, and went into their arms trustingly at the welcome sound of the one tongue that hadn't occurred to them to try! They soon found "mummy" for her!

MACLYN ARBUCKLE, certainly one of America's most beloved character actors, will identify himself next season with another of the country's favorite figures when he impersonates Benjamin Franklin in a play bearing the name of the immortal inventor-diplomat by LOUIS EVANS SHIPMAN, the editor of *Life*.

At last JEANNE EAGELS has succumbed to the dampness back stage at the Maxine Elliott Theatre where *Rain* has held forth these many months. The courageous star has endured the painful experience of fighting throughout her connection with the piece an exceedingly bad throat condition which could not possibly improve until the Elliott was left far behind. Apparently Miss Eagels is now planning to do this, for at the moment of writing she has left the show for a period of rest finally forced upon her by the specialist who has daily for week after week had the task of making the star capable of speaking her lines. The dampness to which Miss Eagels and several other members of the same company fell victim arises from the actual water which is constantly falling as "rain" during every performance of the Colton play. Absence of sunshine prevented the sawdust bags upon which the water fell back stage from ever drying.

CLIFTON WEBB is doing amazingly well in his first legitimate part in *Meet the Wife,* the amusing comedy in which MARY BOLAND returns triumphantly to town. The tall dancer has essayed parts in many a musical show, but it took the casting genius of young STUART STEWART, brother of ROSALIE STEWART, to detect in him the possibilities of an excellent eccentric comedian for the "legit." Webb shares with Miss Boland the honors of the piece and will probably be a sure-fire casting card for eccentric and even straight parts from now on.

MELODY PIRATES AND THE POPULAR SONG

(*Continued from page* 12)

version? Just as the flighty Mam'zelle may dance the can-can to Offenbach's *Orpheus* in the Ba-Ta-Clan, the only slightly less flighty maidens on the country club veranda step it wildly to *Carmen* or *Samson et Delilah.* The protests of the classicists cannot avail. The primitive American expresses all the irreverence, the gaiety, the carefree youthfulness of the young nation in this spontaneous gesture. Give the American syncopation! He masticates his food to it. He takes his exercise to it. He punctuates his drama, his literature, his picture-show, his bridge-party, his ball-game with the popular song. He lives with a radio and a phonograph at his elbow. And this musical expression of the American scene is interpreting our temperament in every corner of the globe. Already these supplementary products of Broadway theatricalism are included in concert programs. The gloomy prophets who predicted that the dance craze would die, dance on, only on more crowded dance-floors. And while from our superior heights of cultivation, we may smile down upon *Yes, We Have No Bananas,* in our guilty hearts we know all of the tune and most of the lyrics, and nothing but a measure or two of *I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls.* What we hum is not the melody of the second movement of the *C Sharp Minor Polonaise* of Chopin. It's *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows!*

The masters of the distant past toss on in their uneasy graves. And we, who so relentlessly have popularized them, must offer up a little rag-time hymn to the unholy gods of syncopation.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "WHITE CARGO"

EDITOR: THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In the January issue of the THEATRE your review of *White Cargo* gives the authorship of the play as by Leon Gordon, in collaboration with A. E. Anson and Conway Wingfield. These last two gentlemen were featured in the play but did not write it. Will you kindly make a correction to that effect.

White Cargo is now at Daly's Theatre and doing splendidly. Thank you.

FRANCIS SAGERSON.

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ZIEGFELD BARS "THEATRE MAGAZINE" CRITIC

An unfavorable notice of the new *Follies,* published in the December issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE, has earned for Mr. Hornblow the enviable distinction of being barred from Mr. Ziegfeld's theatres. It goes without saying that Mr. Hornblow will continue to go to the plays, including those produced by Mr. Ziegfeld, with or without his permission. For full details of the Ziegfeld bull of excommunication see page 1A this issue.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S LITTLE THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 41)

A COMPLETE STAGE EQUIPMENT

THE stage equipment is exceptionally complete. There is a large canvas cyclorama encircling three sides, which may be quickly rolled up out of the way. The lighting consists of: footlights, concert strip, three border strips, each on three circuits; seven floor pockets with space for two plugs, each pocket on a separate switch; a battery of 200 Watt baby-spots over the stage on a bridge, and another over the fore-stage. These are controlled in separate sections. There are also batteries of projectors (500 Watt) above the fore-stage entrances, and in a booth at the back of the theatre. Thousand Watt floods, projectors of 500 Watts, and cluster lights complete the equipment. All spots, floods and projectors are used with gelatin colour-media.

There are upwards of sixty levers on the switch-board, and each switch has its corresponding dimmer. These are interlocking, so that practically any one single light, any combination of units, or the whole stage at once, can be dimmed down so slowly that no perceptible diminution will be visible during a given moment. There are projection machines for imitating fire, smoke, rain, or ripples on water. There are machines for reproducing thunder, lightning, rain, surf, wind, galloping horses, etc. The facilities of the workshops are such that a whole Shakespearean production of, say, ten scenes and forty characters, may be mounted and costumed in three weeks.

Any mention of Hart House Theatre would be incomplete without reference to the director, Mr. Bertram Forsyth. Mr. Forsyth was before the war, one of London's leading actor-managers and playwrights. His brilliant theatrical career includes playing in support of such giants as Irving and Tree. Among other things he created the rôle of Renard Beinsky in Laurence Irving's production of "Typhoon." He is a close student of the work of Gordon Craig, and spent some years in Germany studying the Fortuny lighting system and other modern Continental stage developments. Bringing to it, as he does, the best traditions and ideals of the English stage, joined to wide experience and familiarity with all the most modern tendencies in production, it is to Bertram Forsyth that in large measure is due the present high position of Hart House Theatre.

THE MIMES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN COME TO NEW YORK

THE Mimes of the University of Michigan came to New York in December, for the first time in their eighteen years of existence, and drew an audience that filled the Metropolitan Opera House.

Cotton Stockings, a sparkling musical comedy, written, directed and produced by the undergraduates, was their vehicle, and an enthusiastic audience pronounced it one of the best college shows that has ever come to Broadway, which is saying a great deal when one considers the splendid productions of the Princeton Triangle Club, and the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania that come to New York each year.

The University of Michigan boys go in for decorative costumes and striking stage sets, and their slogan is: "Our handsomest girls are men." It is necessary to see one of their productions to realize how well they make good that boast. Stunning show "girls" that seem to have stepped right out of the Ziegfeld Follies, and a really beautiful "Fashion Revue" made even our blasé Broadway audience gasp at the clever work of these undergraduates from the middle West.

The performance had a professional finish that is so often lacking in spots in even the best of college plays; the music was good, one of the outstanding features being a musical number, "My Lady on the Tapestry," in which the "ladies" of the chorus passed across the stage in the quaint and lovely costumes of other days.

There were seventy-five men in the cast of *Cotton Stockings,* and in addition to the cast, an orchestra of twenty pieces accompanied the troupe, which toured Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Grand Rapids and Detroit.

It is estimated that the production cost in the neighborhood of $75,000, and it was perhaps the most elaborate musical comedy ever undertaken by any university group.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

MARCH
1924

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IN THIS ISSUE: "White Cargo"—a play of the primitive

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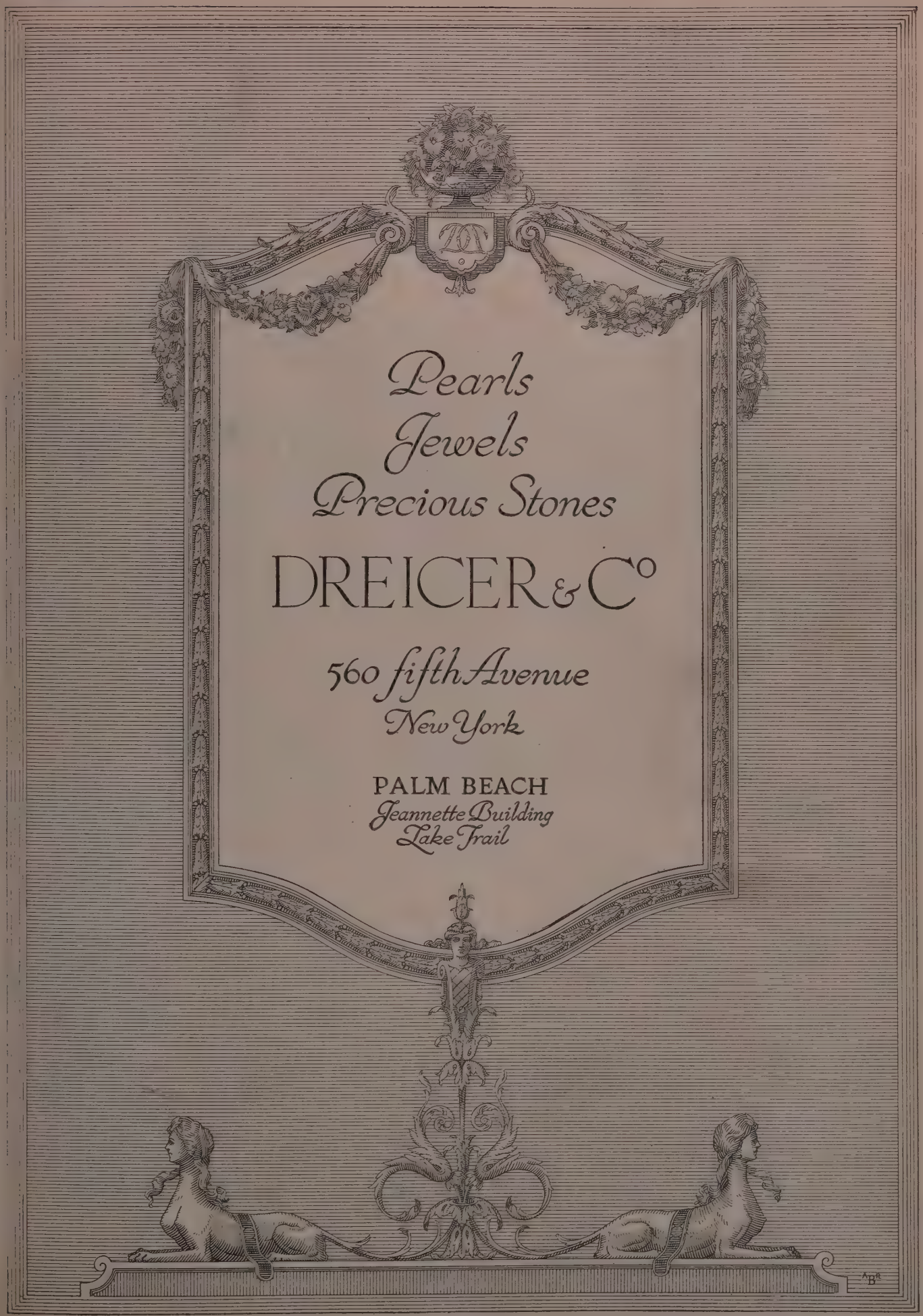

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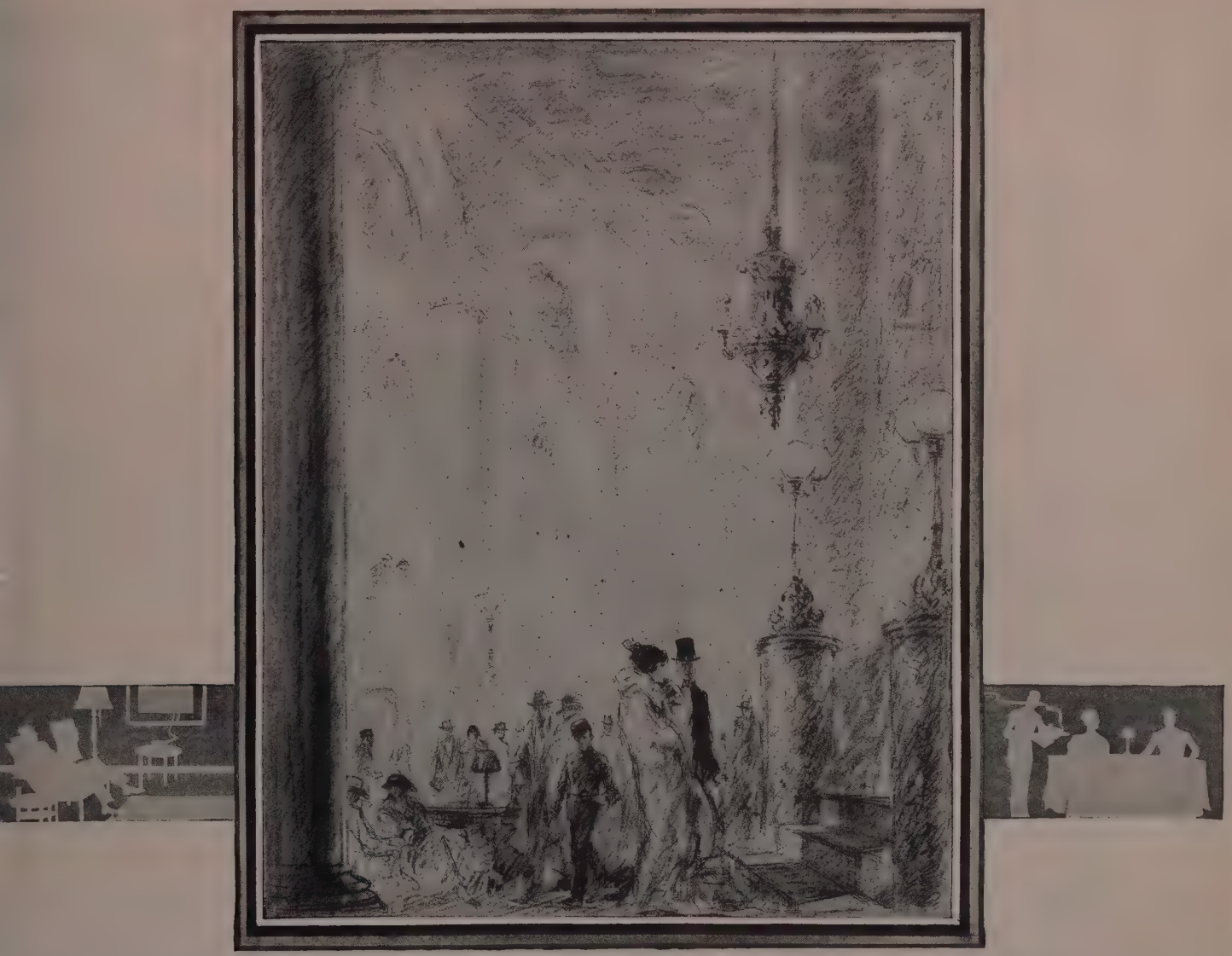

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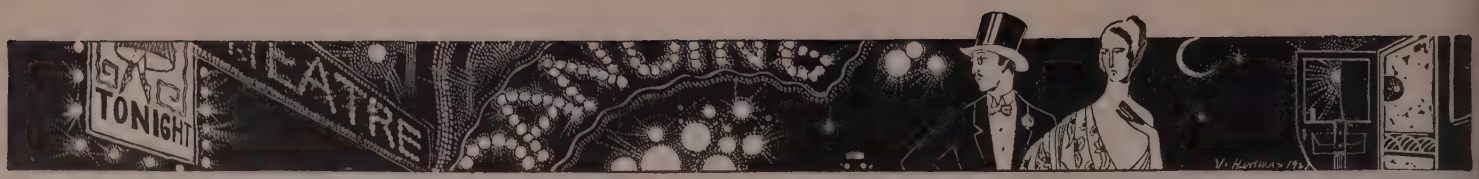

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IF you are intrigued by odd nooks and corners, if you gain a mental fillip from transplanted foreign atmospheres, New York is full of them. And why go abroad, suggests someone, when you can get little slices of foreign life right here in town? This tabloid method of foreign travel is cheaper, takes less time, and, great essential, does not interfere with business—which applies equally to women as to men.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE

SHOULD you care to dip into the atmosphere of Sweden for an hour, we have heard of a place called "The Scandinavian Arms," at Lexington and Forty-fifth Street, which must have authenticity, since it is frequented by the Swedish Consul and members of the Swedish colony. They go there for the cooking, and especially for the famous *smörgasbord*, Swedish *hors d'oeuvres*, which constitute almost a whole meal in themselves. These consist of all kinds of cold cuts and stuffed eggs, a pet combination of the country being cold cut veal and cucumbers. At a place called *Henry's*, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, the same kind of food is featured, and there is possibly a little more of the so-called "atmosphere."

If you want a rather unusual Italian atmosphere go to *Taormina's* on West Thirty-seventh Street. The service is *à la carte* instead of the usual Americanized Italian *table d'hôte*, and the dishes are done in true Italian fashion, with certain additions to the bill of fare peculiarly Italian in flavor, but not known to the casual diner-out in Italian *table d'hôtes*. A quaint touch of the place is the fact that an old-time string orchestra plays during the dinner hour, a relief, in truth, after all the whoop-la. It is so long since managements have deemed it within the realm of the possible to offer such a mild diversion that the little orchestra almost savors of a certain exoticism.

JAZZMANIA IN HARLEM

ATMOSPHERE of quite another kind, this purely modern, is being hunted down in Harlem by people in the know. It is the last word in jazzmaniacal things to do, to wend one's way up to Lenox Avenue around One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street for the colored cabarets to be found there. That is to say the cabarets that are the native haunts of the colored people who have money to spend, who drive up in their own limousines. This is no place, however, "for the kiddies." You must be prepared to leave any prejudices behind if you decide on paying them a visit, going in the spirit of fun, for thrills, or a psychological curiosity concerning the raw material of life.

If you like your colored cabaret simply as an interlude in an evening of dancing, you will find a very good one at the Club Alabam on Forty-fourth Street, the once well-known "Little Club." Gus Schulz, who used to be responsible for the running of Reisenweber's, has recently taken this over.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS FOR ALL

IN the category of somewhat more racy atmospheres—though this we only offer on hearsay, not having been there ourselves—is "The Question Mark" on Forty-fourth Street, next to the old Claridge, whose backers are our own Jack Dempsey and his manager, Joe Kerns. This is in the nature of a night club. We do not guarantee "class" for it, but those of you who are ringside fans or Jack Dempsey admirers *may* catch a glimpse of your hero.

The Tavern on Forty-eighth Street, off Broadway, is immensely popular after the theatre at night with actors and actresses associated with the lights of little old Broadway, if you get what we mean. It is a most amusing place to visit.

At the Palais Royal, while we are on the subject of dancing, has appeared the last word in jazz, a number played by the Paul Whiteman orchestra called "So this is Venice," being a reincarnation of the old "Carnival of Venice," so dear a warhorse to the Victorian period. In it one Ross Gorman, known as the world's most versatile saxaphone player, obliges on fourteen different instruments. This same number is also a feature of *The Follies*.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER } Publishers

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Louis Meyer, president and treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.

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